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*Bridal Fashions*

*Vincent*



# How to make a man PROPOSE

By FRANCESCA RINTEL

**T**HOUSANDS of girls who seem to attract men easily, enjoy their attentions for a while, then watch them drift away to some quite unremarkable female, who in no time is flourishing a diamond ring on her engagement finger.

Do these attractive girls—the losers I mean—delay marriage because they can't make up their minds, or is it perhaps that they just don't know how to bring a suitor up to scratch?

Men are curiously blind creatures. We women watching the intricate manoeuvring of another of our sex with a male find her tactics plain to the eye.

But the man is usually oblivious.

This is a very strange phenomenon, but we should be thankful for it, for it makes our task so much easier.

Selectivity is the prerogative of the female, but the male must never be allowed to think so for a moment.

We run away, we play "hard to get"—because we are afraid?

No fear! Because he would not value what he got too easily.

This instinct is inherent in every man, and must be appealed to, but there are other aspects to be considered also.

It is a mistake to think that a flat rule can apply to every man. Each one must be studied carefully and treated according to his psychological make-up.

Most women know the technique of attracting a man, though, of course, some have extra skill.

For instance, I know a girl with a marvellous technique when meeting a man for the first time.

In a room full of people she selects her victim, drops a cushion at his feet, and, seating herself sideways, gazes up at him with wide open eyes.

This accomplishes two things. He is forced to inhale her perfumed hair, only a few inches from his nose, and a half turn of her body gives him an intriguing outline of her figure.

All this is very elementary, and is guaranteed to arouse any man's interest, but to bring a reluctant victim to the point of proposing is a task requiring a great deal of finesse.

There are many ways of doing this. If you are desperate there is a chance that the plan followed by my friend Gwen will work.

Gwen had a rather laggard lover. They had been "keeping company" for some time. Both were saving for the future. Consequently he didn't spend much money upon amusements.

Most of their evenings were spent quietly at home, and since the house boasted only one sitting-room it had to be shared with the family.

Both young people were great readers, and Frank's absorption in a book was such that when spoken to while reading he would merely grunt or answer absently.

Last year was Leap Year, and one night the family were sitting, all engrossed in books, when the silence was broken by Gwen's voice.

"Frank!"

A grunt was her only answer.

"Frank! Do you still love me?"

Gwen snuggled a little closer on the sofa.



SHE'S PRETTY, but pretty girls don't necessarily marry young. Author of this story says perhaps they don't know the right tactics.

"Eh? Yes, of course!" muttered Frank, sunk in his book.

Gwen winked at the family, who by now were all attention.

"Frank! Will you marry me?"

Mother's hand went to her mouth, and father sat upright as the entire room hung upon Frank's answer.

"Eh? Yes. Yes, of course!" mumbled Frank vaguely, eyes still glued upon the printed page. The family were in hysterics.

"Oh, well! That's settled," announced Gwen, wriggling back comfortably.

"What's settled?" asked Frank, taking his mind off the book and giving her his full attention. Then the family's mirth dawned.

"What did you ask me?" he demanded, in a panic.

"I asked you to marry me," said Gwen, "and you said 'Yes. Yes, of course.'"

"Oh, did I?" breathed Frank in relief. "Well, thank goodness that's over. I was wondering how on earth I was going to ask you."

That was easy, but you may have to take a leaf out of Delilah's book, altogether more complicated.

Although her boy-friend was attentive, he never seemed to think of proposing.

She, very much in love with him, tried everything she could think of.

He was strong and athletic, and wanted a sports girl. She, weighing six stone two pounds, nearly killed herself trying to be sporty.

She played tennis, swam, hiked, and even became official scorer for the team while he played baseball.

He thrived on it, but it brought him no closer.

She was musical and ran a small orchestra. He was not, but he wanted to learn the saxophone.

She helped him with it, and even went so far as to work him into the band, to the horror of the other performers and to her own dismay. Ever heard a beginner on the sax?

Finally, she heard he had fallen for one of her girl-friends—a tall, willowy brunette—and had taken her to a play.

She grimly resolved on sterner measures. Meeting the brunette in the street, she screwed up her courage and asked shyly, "Have you heard about Derry and me?"

The brunette, startled, said "No! What? You're not—"

Interrupting hurriedly, Delilah nodded, but hastened to add, "It's supposed to be a secret, even Mother doesn't know yet."

The brunette, jumping to the desired conclusion, hurried away. When our hero rang her up and invited her out again she had another engagement.

But still he didn't propose.

Our heroine's pillow was bedewed with tears every night as she

wrestled with her problem, but at last a real opportunity came.

She was spending a long week-end with her mother in a guest-house.

Derry decided to come too. On the night of their arrival they sat on a verandah.

Delilah decided to try a desperate remedy. Speaking seriously, she explained that she had something she wanted to discuss with him. She didn't want him to take offence, but she was worried.

Startled and alert, he listened with something approaching alarm, as she told him that they had been seeing far too much of each other.

She was afraid that he was thinking of her as more than a friend, and since there could never be anything but friendship between them—she did not think she could ever regard him in any other light—he had better not call quite so often.

Bewildered, nay dumbfounded, brought up sharply in his conquering stride, he was utterly at a loss, and she wisely left the matter where it stood.



FLASHING A RING. Her fiancé thinks his proposal was a beautiful surprise.

at her house, and neither knew of the existence of the other.

It was her habit to keep a large photo-frame upon the mantelpiece.

If it was Dick's night, Dick's photo would be in the frame.

If it was Bill's night, Dick's photo would be shifted to the back of the frame, revealing Bill's face. One night Bill arrived unexpectedly, to find Dick being entertained.

Things were a bit strained, but Leila thought she had managed to pass everything off well, until Bill spotted Dick's face in the frame.

Leila lost both her boy-friends in the rumpus that followed.

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men know all about  
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She avoided the subject next day and that night a dance was held. She danced with him several times, then he left her and danced with another girl—twice! She sat out the first dance, a wallflower, but during the second she escaped from a deck chair on the balcony.

There she let herself go, and sobbed bitterly. Her scheme had failed, she had lost him, and she sobbed again. Ten minutes later a voice broke through her misery.

"Oh, there you are—why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing"—gulp. He shook her arm sharply. "What are you crying for? (Pause.) Is it a man?"

The bent head nodded in the darkness, but he sensed the movement. "In this house?" he snarled, his protective instincts now aroused.

She nodded again, and quivered with laughter at the anger in his voice. He demanded details, but these she refused to give.

He was very attentive and solicitous during the next two days, glaring suspiciously at any male approaching her.

They returned home, and for a week she held him at bay.

Then one night he asked her to reconsider the statement made on the first night of that holiday. Their engagement was announced.

Don't be too clever, though, like Leila, who had two boy-friends and could not make up her mind as to which she wanted to marry.

Both had regular visiting nights

Don't blind  
yourself

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# Knight at the Ballet

By Australian author...

**ALISON CLARE**

**M**IKE was home on leave from New Guinea. Over the breakfast table his mother looked at him dreamily, and thought how lucky she was to have such a wonderful son.

His father, also directing furtive glances at young Mike, decided the lad had turned out pretty well... seemed to have a good grasp of things in general, too, knew just what was what in New Guinea, even though he didn't say much. Useful, too, to have a son to keep you in touch with the reality of war, gave you authority when discussing things with the chaps.

Helen, who was Mike's sister, was not unduly impressed, but as she had quarrelled with Bill and given Andy the go-by and definitely told the good-looking American "nothing doing," she was, temporarily at least, at a loose end for male company. A brother, tall, and reasonably presentable, might fill in the gap, she thought, after giving the matter some slight consideration.

"Mike, would you take me to the ballet to-night?" she asked casually, during a lull in the conversation.

Mike continued to eat bacon and eggs.

"I said, will you take me to the ballet to-night, Mike?"

"Were you speaking, dearest sister?" he asked.

Helen, asking a favor, said sweetly, perhaps too sweetly, "I asked if you'd come to the ballet with me to-night. I've got tickets."

"That's what I thought you said."

"Well, why the dickens didn't you answer?"

Mike grinned. "Helen, my cultured dame, can you picture me at the ballet?"

"Why on earth not?"

"When, of my own free will and fancy, I spend a whole night watching a lot of effeminate teapots round in tights..."

Helen interrupted, hotly:

"Oh, don't be a fool, Mike. Just because ballet is beautiful and artistic you big he-men are scared of it. You don't even want to understand it, and so you're rude about it, and stupid. You don't think it's effeminate to dance a waltz, do you, and yet something that's a thousand times more beautiful, more balanced, more..."

"Hold on, dearie, don't do your block!" Mike said quickly. "You've got your own ideas. But I still don't think ballet's my cup of tea."

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Mike's eyes never left the spotlight as the dancing-girl sank down in front of "wind."



# Knight at the Ballet

Continued from page 3

HELEN said peevishly: "Well, it wouldn't hurt you to come and find out. Harriet was coming, and we've splashed on the best seats because her cousin is in it, and now Harriet's kicked her ankle and it's a pity to waste the ticket, and mother can't come. I think it would do you good, anyway. Might let some air into that stuffy male mind of yours."

Mrs. Rivers said: "Why not try it, Mike? I really think you might find it a good experience."

Mike gave in. "All right, the women win. I wasn't doing anything else but catch up on sleep, anyway."

By 7.30 Mike was beginning to have a touch of cold feet, and when they reached the theatre he was definitely uneasy. In the foyer, surrounded, it seemed, only by the shapes and voices of women, their frocks and hats, Mike felt unhappy. Not until they had sat down and he noted a male head occurring here and there in each row did he relax.

Helen found some people to talk to, and their talk was all of the unfortunate Harriet and her cousin, who was, it seemed, one of the sensations of the season. Mike was bored and he was glad when the curtain rose on "Swan Lake." Helen sat forward, tense and expectant, and Mike found himself, surprisingly, enjoying the grace and poise of it. Helen said defiantly, when it was over:

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"Oh, pretty and all that," Mike admitted cautiously, "but I wish the bloke in green stockings would say what he meant instead of pulling faces."

"Oaf!" Helen said indignantly.

But when the curtain rose again, Mike, against every inclination, found his imagination gripped and held. It was an atmospheric thing and there was one girl in it who moved like a young, green willow. Mike missed much of the ballet, as he concentrated on every movement the girl made. He said to Helen, when the dancers had finally been allowed to take a last curtain:

"Well, it's getting almost interesting. Who's the girl in green?"

"That's Joan, the girl I was telling you about, Harriet's cousin. Isn't she good?"

"Seems all right," Mike said, "but, of course, I wouldn't know."

The lights went down and there was wild music and a whirl of color on the stage. Mike felt his senses go swimming into the color and the music, and the gay, exciting move-

ment. The girl was there again, in a bright peasant costume. She was dancing an impish love scene, withdrawing and then yielding, cajoling and scolding, then almost weeping.

Mike gave a deep sigh when it was finished. "By jove, this is good stuff," he said. "Do you know that girl?"

"Of course, I'm having supper with her and some of the others."

"Good," Mike said briskly. "I'll come too."

"It'll be all-girl."

"Oh! How many?"

"Five or six."

Mike's heart quailed. "Oh, well, in that case . . ." then the curtain went up and he was disappointed because the girl wasn't in this one. But he liked it and said to Helen: "I say, I liked that one. I liked the—er pattern the girls made when they were still and the way they suddenly fell of a heap and stayed there, the chorus girls I mean."

"Corps de ballet," Helen said loftily, then "Shu-sh, Joan's in this next bit."

This was a trifle, a dance light as air and inconsequential as a paper in the wind. The girl was the paper and at the finish Mike said quickly, "Look, I'll take on this supper business. What's, er, what's this Joan look like without her make-up?"

"Awful," Helen said. "She's old and wrinkled and incredibly hag-like," and, as Mike winced, "no, she's a very nice girl, Mike, not so pretty as Harriet, but quite charming. Are you coming round to the dressing-room?"

Mike couldn't stand that, but he was waiting when they came out, Helen and five other girls, not swans or spring breezes or bits of flotam, but just five rather jolly looking girls. Mike focused his gaze on the tall, dark beauty in the middle, but Helen said:

"Mike, this is Joan," and the ordinary looking one on the outside smiled at him. He met them all, and felt at once that his new interest in ballet was something that must be strongly encouraged.

He encouraged it in full. At the end of a fortnight, Helen was looking at him quizzically over the coffee cups at breakfast, and wondering whether a little light badinage about balletomania might be appreciated.

Mike was enjoying himself. Ballet was a sphere he had never expected to bump against and Joan was a girl he had always expected to encounter and never had. They

lunched and had supper and Mike went to every possible performance and found himself becoming quite knowledgeable about ballet.

"Like to take me to the ballet tonight, dearest brother?" Helen inquired at breakfast one morning.

Mike finished his toast and got up.

"Sorry, old dear, but I'm going to a prize fight with Bertie Forrest. Some other night perhaps."

That was the night when Mike, absorbed in music and movement, suddenly found his attention directed to the big spotlight in the wings. His seat was well to one side, and he could see it very clearly. The light was playing on Joan, blowing about the stage like thistle-down. A male dancer came on as "Wind" to buffet the thistle-down, which bent and swayed beneath its fierce caress. Mike took his eyes from Joan and looked up at the big spot again. He'd swear it was loose. Why the devil wasn't there a mechanic there! Joan, he knew, would presently sink down and die from the wind's cold embrace, and she would sink there, right beneath the spotlight.

The girl skimmed across the stage, her body entreating mercy, but slowly being conquered by "Wind's" dance of death. While most eyes watched the two dancers and the corps de ballet, swaying sadly back-stage, Mike's eyes never left the spotlight. Somehow, the connections had worked loose, and, as Joan drew near the place where "Thistle-down" would fall, the big light dropped about an inch. At last, in torture, the dancing girl slipped to the stage and lay there, prostrate. The light slipped again.

INTENT on the ballet, the audience had its attention wrenched away and fastened to the spectacle of a tall young soldier vaulting up to the stage. Amazed and thrilled at such unexpected animation in a death scene, they watched the soldier step quickly across to the girl's body. "Wind" and the corps de ballet bent their superbly trained bodies to the movements of the dance, but their horrified eyes followed the soldier as he stooped, picking up Joan's body, and stepped into the wings. Almost as he moved, the light crashed to the stage, the wind of its fall blowing across his cheeks.

As the light crashed to the spot where a minute before the girl had lain, a concerted gasp of horror came from the theatre, then a cheer, which gave way to clapping as people realised that the soldier's unorthodox action had undoubtedly prevented an accident.

The curtain came down to great applause. Behind the scenes there was a certain amount of confusion. Joan stood in the wings, surrounded by anxious dancers, questions popping all round her. Mike, having assured himself she was all right, had immediately disappeared, no one seemed to know where.

"Yes, I'm quite all right, really," Joan kept assuring them. Remembering Mike's frantic, "For Pete's sake, don't tell them who it was," she said, "No, I don't know, really. I wish I did. I'd rather like to thank him." They crowded closer, and Joan pushed them away.

"Now, don't fuss, I'm really quite all right, just a bit shaken with the suddenness of it, and I'm going to take a curtain with the others."

Reassured at sight of the girl standing there with the other dancers, the audience went a little wild. A voice called suddenly: "We want the soldier!" More applause came at this and continued until the management took a hand.

In front of the curtain came a neat figure to explain that unfortunately no one seemed to know where the soldier had gone. On behalf of the management and the company he took this opportunity of thanking him publicly (cheers), and undoubtedly an act of such

cool-headedness in emergency (more cheers) was truly in the great tradition of our glorious fighting boys!

This patriotic note brought down the house and made a triumphant end to what might have been a tragic night.

The dramatic flavor of the evening gave spice to home-going conversation, and the morning papers spread themselves.

"Dramatic Incident at Ballet," "Soldier Saves Ballerina," and so on, "Knight at the Ballet," said one heading, and followed up with a neat little ballad by a staff writer.

"Who was the 'Unknown Soldier'?" queried another. Mike, reading this after breakfast next morning, threw the paper down in disgust.

Helen grinned and quoted: "A tall, good-looking lieutenant, with dark eyes and reddish, dark hair, played an unexpected and dramatic role in last night's ballet performance . . ."

Mike scowled at her.

"How was the ballet, ducks?" she queried. "As the soldier stepped aside with his graceful burden, the light crashed . . ."

"Wan't me," Mike said, "Bertie couldn't go to the fight, so I went on my own."

"Aha," said Helen. "Building up an alibi, huh? No Bertie, no questions asked. But you can't get away with it, Mike. You did your stuff at the ballet all right . . . The description fits, though I don't know about the good-looking part of it, but . . ."

"All right, Helen," Mike said quietly, "but pipe down, won't you? Keep it dark, there's a good girl. A lot of nonsense . . ."

"O.K.," Helen promised, "but how about this bit? Our photographer, who happened to be in the wings, taking a series of actuality pictures for an article in the week-end magazine pages, took a picture of the incident. Who was this gallant officer? Would you recognise him? If you read our week-end magazine pages, you will know."

Mike swore and slouched unhappily from the room, Helen watching him sympathetically.

There were three days to go until the week-end. Mike was in a questionable mood, from which even Joan couldn't persuade him.

"Why worry?" Joan wanted to know. "I've told them all I don't know who it was, but what would it matter, Mike? I'm so glad to be unhurt and alive. I'd like the world to know it was you."

THEY left it at that, but Mike was out early for the paper on Saturday morning. Quickly he turned to the magazine pages. There were pictures of the ballet, but none of the "incident." With a sigh of relief he read: "Unfortunately, our photographer had a faulty bulb in his camera. We regret we are unable to fulfil our promise of giving you a picture of the 'Knight at the Ballet.'"

Mike felt relieved and almost gay. He was whistling when Helen and his mother came in. He greeted them cheerfully.

"Marvellous day, grand day for a wedding, don't you think? How about it, mother? Would you like to come to mine?"

Mrs. Rivers gasped.

"Mike! Darling, you don't mean it?"

"Sure I do," Mike said. "It's all fixed, 5.30 at St. Martin's. She's lovely, honey. You'll like her. Helen will tell you all about it."

He kissed his bewildered mother and was gone, without further explanation, without breakfast.

"Take it easy, mother," Helen said. "It's Joan, you know, Harriet's cousin."

"Oh!" Mrs. Rivers did relax. "Oh, yes, she's nice, isn't she? Well, I suppose I'm very glad, but it's rather sudden."

Joan was feeling that way, too. Luckily to-night would be the final performance, but sandwiching a marriage ceremony in between two shows was not, she felt, quite the way she had imagined it. For Mike, however, she felt she would be prepared to get married on a tandem or sitting under a shower. After to-night there would be three weeks before the company left for another State. Mike had almost three weeks' leave left. It seemed an almost perfect arrangement.


The wedding went off to schedule. Only one of the girls from the company was there, with Harriet and Mike's three people. At a hotel later, Mrs. Rivers, watching her son and daughter-in-law, dabbed at her eyes quietly.

A woman reporter, popping in with a photographer to get some pictures of an international social "do" upstairs, spotted them, and amidst news, they came over to the table, and the photographer, seeing Mike, said:

"Knight at the Ballet! I say, Miss Sidney, that's the chap, that's your . . ."


"Husband!" Mike said, grinning. "Have a cigarette? Have a drink? Have a picture? Have a story?"

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# Old Sinners Never Die

By A. E. MARTIN

**H**ARRY FORD, postmaster, who tells the story, is blackmailing HELEN SPEEK, believing that she poisoned her husband, blind TIMOTHY SPEEK. He also caused a misunderstanding between EILEEN MAHONEY and LARRY WARD, who promptly disappeared, and is now engaged to Eileen himself.

CARLO BOLDINI, showman, amazes the township by solving a little local mystery—the poisoning of a dog belonging to HENNESSY, the schoolmaster. Eileen asks him to solve the mystery of Larry's disappearance, and he promises to do so at his next performance. He is chatting of his promise to several people at the hotel next day.

Others prominent in the story are GARNET PRICE, in love with Helen; MRS. MARVEN, hotel proprietress; DR. HANSEN; AGATHA and POLLY GARNER, spinsters.

**I** CONFESS," Hennessy said, looking quizzically at Boldini, "that I believe you mesmerised that poor Barmby lad into telling what he knew about the dog. But give me tricks every time. Look at those children this morning. You never saw such a happy bunch." His brow clouded a moment and he added, "I expected a full roll call, but I didn't get it."

"What is thies you say?" Boldini inquired. "All thies, little chillren they were not thier?"

"All except five," Hennessy said. "One absence was unavoidable. Polly Garner's niece was sick. But the other four came with a note saying that they were to remain at their lessons and not to go with the others. I had to leave the poor little blighters in the schoolroom while we marched off."

Mrs. Marven raised her eyebrows. "Barmby's?"

Hennessy nodded. "But for why?" Boldini asked, frankly amazed.

"You don't know Luke Barmby," Mrs. Marven explained. "He thinks all showmen come straight from the devil."

Boldini exploded. "I am of the devil?" he roared. "Thies man weel not let hees little chillren come to see me take she rabbit from the hat. He theenk it wicked that I do the magic to make the kids laugh?"

"That's about it," the schoolmaster admitted.

"So!" Boldini blew out his cheeks. "Is it possible?"

"Indeed it is," Price said. "I was surprised to hear that young Josephus was there last night. I think young Joe has been listening to some radical ideas." He grinned meaningly at Mrs. Marven.

"Why don't you change Luke into a goat or something," the landlady suggested.

"Oh, I would like to, thies man," Boldini cried with indignation.

"It is a bit thick," Price said. "It would have broken my heart to march the school off and leave those other kids gazing from the window."

"It wasn't nice," Hennessy admitted.

Price banged his fist on the table till the silver rattled. "I tell you what," he cried: "We'll arrange a show for thies kids. Come, Boldini, somewhere privately. What do you say? To-morrow's Saturday. There's no school."

Boldini agreed promptly. He shook Price pompously by the hand. "Signor," he cried, "I do heem."

"Good," Price cried. "I'll foot the bill whatever it is."

Boldini spread his hands. "No," he said. "No—no bill, please. Thies shall be a shout from Boldini."

"We'll pretend it's Boldini's birthday," Mrs. Marven cried, quick, as ever, to enter into the spirit of anything unusual. "I will make a cake."

It disgusted me to see Boldini throw his great arms about her plump person and kiss her roundly upon the cheek. "What a woman!" he cried. "I tell you what I do. I sell my principal wife and take you in my harem. Yes?"

"You and your harem!" Mrs. Marven pushed him away, laughing, but by no means displeased.

Together the four of them plotted their surprise performance, pledging Helen and me and the bank clerk to secrecy.

"Of course we should invite the little Garner girl if she's better," Hennessy said.

Mrs. Marven agreed at once, and offered to see Polly Garner. Doctor Hansen popped in just then for a late lunch. There were lines about his eyes and mouth that I had not noticed before, and he was obviously a sick man sticking obstinately to his job, and Mrs. Marven fussed round him like a mother hen.

Price introduced Boldini. The doctor shook hands gravely and said something in Italian. For a moment Boldini looked puzzled, then he said loudly and with a laugh: "Oh, come now, doctor, please. No Italian. I like practise my Engleese."

I glanced at him suspiciously, but he was again at his ease, and the others were disinterested, while the doctor was too tired to pursue the matter further. He was initiated into the secret of the birthday party, and they were all very merry about it.

Hennessy left to return to his school, and I walked with him as far as the post office.

"By jove, Ford," he said. "It's not such a bad world, is it?" And I was amazed that he could find pleasure in such trifles.

As Haggart had predicted, the magician's second appearance attracted a crowded attendance. Before eight o'clock they were running down to the hotel and borrowing chairs, and, as Eileen and I walked to our seats, I saw Helen Speek, Garnet Price, Mrs. Marven, and the bank clerk fellow had made a little party. This time our chairs were not next to the aisle. I had taken good care of that, for I was determined that I should not be exploited as on the previous evening.

While we were finding our way slowly to the front rows, somewhat to my embarrassment Eileen stopped and spoke to Mrs. Ringer. I meditated on the sympathy wasted on this woman who, for all her alleged hard life and difficulty in making a living in the most menial fashion, could, nevertheless, find the money to pay for a second visit to Boldini's show.

Old Plank, too, was there for a second helping, and even the Cotters, who were notoriously cheese-paring and definitely opposed to any movement that took money away from the town, had turned up in force, their interest in the promised revelation of their ex-grocery boy overcoming their scruples.

Young Josephus Barmby, resplendent in his Sunday clothes, was in an aisle seat in the very front row, and I wondered what sort of argument he was having with his father about his conduct in attending the performances. He looked over his shoulder and grinned amiably at Mrs. Marven and a little foolishly at Eileen, but he seemed in no way abashed, and was probably rather proud of himself.

The first half of the entertainment was merely a variation of the sleight-of-hand tricks and the mind-reading mummery of the previous night. Haggart was in the seat I had occupied at the first performance, and I was glad to see him singled out for ridicule. Boldini asked him for a loan of his hat, and, innocently, the fool passed it up. It was very amusing to see the



"You must not move. No one must come in. No one must go out," Boldini said sternly.

expression upon his face when the conjurer broke three eggs into it.

I hoped it really was his hat and the broken eggs actually in it. Boldini went through the usual mumbo-jumbo and produced a duck from its interior and then came into the audience, restored the hat to Haggart, and asked him to put it on. When he did so he pulled it off quickly and a pigeon flew out and over our heads to the stage, where the young person assisting the magician caught it on her wrist.

Haggart's face was a picture and I am afraid I roared with laughter. Eileen, I fancy, was really surprised to see me enjoying myself so much.

After the interval there were more "mental experiments." Haggart came in for some more wiggling as Boldini disclosed that, mentally, he saw the little draper buying jewellery from a city firm—jewellery which a "signorina" would wear. He even gave the name of the firm and whispered into Haggart's ear the name of the lady, and the little braggart blushed and grinned like a schoolboy caught with his first sweetheart.

Mrs. Marven marched up and he told her boldly he could see much happiness ahead of her. She had been very happy, he informed her, with one very big man and another big man was coming into her life. There were many others eager to hear something of themselves, but it

was soon evident that the majority of the audience was eagerly awaiting the promised revelation about Larry Ward.

Eileen had been very restrained all the evening and was apparently unable to fully enter into the spirit of the fun, and, while Boldini was making a speech about the supernatural and how little we really knew of the forces about us and such like tosh, I saw that she had her handkerchief in her hands and was alternately rolling and unrolling it in an effort to control her feelings, and, suddenly, all the enjoyment of the evening was spoiled for me as I realised that her thoughts were still with Larry Ward.

I was a little apprehensive, but with an effort shook off the gloomy forebodings which had all at once flooded my mind. After all, what could this macaroni-eating mountebank say? What could he reveal? What would he reveal? I told myself it would be some declaration highly dramatic in its effect, invested with plenty of mystic detail no doubt, but, carefully examined, entirely meaningless.

Boldini was saying: "Many of you have come to hear something of Larry Ward."

Instantaneously there was a stir in the hall.

"My friends," Boldini went on. "I aska you to be verra quiet when I make thies experiment. Whatever you may hear or see do not spik a word. Sit verra still in your seat or we shall not have the success."

Already by his manner the man had invested the proceedings with an air of mystery and the effect was heightened when he announced that the lights would be extinguished. Old Craven, the caretaker, and young Barmby stood up, prepared to help, and I wondered whether there was collusion between the lad and the mountebank. There was a buzz of conversation in the hall, and Boldini held up his hand enjoining silence.

"Before we make the dark," he said. "Boldini would like two peoples who knew thies young man verra well, two peoples who were hees verra good friends to come on thies platform."

Hennessy stood up immediately.

"Two," said Boldini, and looked down at Eileen.

To my mortification she rose also.

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*Dreaming....* yet no dreamer she, who dons her uniform and asks but to serve; who in sacrifice and duty keeps proud step with our noblest and our best. And if at times between her memories and her hopes she weaves a dream, it is a woman's dream of loveliness, a dream born of her need for beauty which must yet remain a dream. But who will deny her, in the dawn of Victory, those lovely feminine things... dainty, hand-cut lingerie in fine spun fabrics from the Prestige looms and Prestige hosiery, at once the badge of distinction and charm of every well-bred woman.

**Prestige**



# ENTER BABY BROWN

By . . .  
**DALE COLLINS**

**New babies may be funny, but new fathers are quaint, too. More about the Brown family.**

ONE'S memory isn't as good as it used to be. My friends agree that sometimes they think they'll forget their own names next. I suppose it's the constant strain and drag we've come to accept as normal, forgetting how life used to be.

Anyway, Assistant Press Censor Brown being out of sight was out of mind after the night he'd rung up the Municipal Maternity Home to be told that everything was proceeding normally.

One simply hasn't the time for other people's concerns nowadays. It's even easier not to see friends. But when A.P.C. Brown bounced in on me he was unaware of all this.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" He's not the crowing type, but I swear he almost crowed.

"Well, yes," I hedged, and then the memory clicking back to almost pre-war efficiency: "The baby, eh?"

"Susan," he said.

I'd never thought of Susan much as a name, either one way or the other, but when this naive creature, A.P.C. Brown, spoke it, hushed and warmed, he made it into music and a prayer and beauty and reverence, so that you would have thought he'd invoked Helen of Troy rather than merely mentioned such a commonplace thing as his infant. These simple souls can get effects at moments, quite without knowing it.

"Susan," I repeated, hushed and awed, against all sense.

"You saw it, of course, in 'The Times'?" One had to think fast.

"What day?" "Friday naturally," he said. "Surely you saw it?"

"My dear chap," I said, "there's a war on. My newspaper doesn't allow me any newspapers on Friday. He has to spread them round, you know." A flimsy lie. But A.P.C. Brown was too full of his news to notice. He bumbled on in his ingenuous way. I couldn't stop him, but I accepted no responsibility.

**Y**ES, Susan! Remember when I rang up from here, and they said everything was O.K.? Well, I went home, and I didn't expect to sleep a wink. I don't know whether it was because I simply couldn't realise properly what was happening, or because I knew in my heart of hearts that everything was going to be all right, but the fact is I was sound asleep before I knew it. And when the alarm went in the morning I lay there for a bit only hating getting up as if it was an ordinary day. Then my brain cleared, and I remembered, "Midge is having that baby!"

So I hopped out of bed and without waiting to shave or bath or anything, got dressed and rushed out to the public phone across the way.

I was a bit excited, and gave the wrong number at first, but presently I was through and there was a calm voice at the other end saying, "Municipal Maternity Home."

I suppose they get used to calls like mine at the baby factory. She straightened out what I was saying, like a nurse on the flicks arranging instruments for an operation.

"Everything is going normally," she said.

Her voice was gentle, but somehow that bald statement turned my stomach over. As I say, I hadn't really grasped it.

"I—I've got to work to-day," I said. "At least I mean I'm supposed to. But I can easily ring up and get compassionate leave. I'd—I'd better do that, hadn't I?"

She laughed quite kindly, quite politely, but as if at an old joke.

"Good gracious, no!" she said. "Everything is all right. Perfectly. You'd only be a nuisance to yourself, and everyone else. Go to work just as usual. Ring up about three, and we'll have good news for you. Don't worry, Mr. Brown. Good-bye."

So I went to work as she'd told me. I suppose I should have been in an awful state, but I wasn't. After the other chaps had made friendly, rather amused inquiries, I just sat down at my desk and got into the routine of the job again, blue-pencilling, referring to the High Up, reading reams of stuff about Waifs and what Our Military Expert thought of the war; and this baby we were having and little Midge reeled into the back of my mind, and stayed rather remote there, like a bit of a toothache when you're asleep.

I'm not proud to admit it. I don't suppose it's at all the way a bloke in the act of becoming a father should feel. It didn't seem right. But that's the way it was.

But I kept an eye on the clock, of course, and round 3.30 began to get rather clammy.

The typist over in the corner called, "Mr. Brown wanted on the phone, please"—just as if it was someone ringing up to make a lunch date.

My spine went kind of cold. It might be just a friend, of course, but supposing—? But it wasn't far to the corner, thank goodness, and before I'd really started supposing all I might have, I had the phone to my ear and there was Midge's mother talking.

"They're all right—it's all over," she said, breathless.

"Thank God," I said. It wasn't the prayer it should have been—just the only thing that came to my tongue, which seemed to have swollen.

"It's a little girl. I'm so glad. Isn't it funny—I'm a granny."

"Why, so you are," I said.

She went on talking. I think it was about how, though they wouldn't let her in, of course, she'd hung round the place until they told her the news, making a perfect pest of herself. And how proud she was, and how glad and how backed I must be. And a lot more. It comes back vaguely. But I didn't seem to hear at the time. I only stood there, holding the phone, and realising that it was all over, and that Midge was all right and hadn't died or anything, and that she'd soon be out again, and we'd be home together at The Cottage. This baby we'd wanted—now it had come didn't mean a thing. That was odd. Being a father didn't mean anything either. It was only just that Midge was all right, and it was over.

I suppose I said the right things



"My hat!" I gasped, as the nurse held the baby up for me to see.

mechanically to ma-in-law. I don't remember. I only remember feeling tired and empty suddenly, as if I'd been all screwed up to do some big job, and now that job was done I was kind of deflated.

So that was that.

I hung up.

There'd been a kind of hush in the big room, I suppose, because all at once there was a lot of noise with the other chaps all firing friendly, teasing questions, but very nice about it, so that your heart warmed and you began to feel you'd done something pretty fine in having this baby.

"What are you going to call her, Brownie?" they asked.

"Susan!" I said. The name sounded good as I spoke it, but to tell you the truth it didn't mean much to me, not having, as it were, a real baby hooked on to it yet—just something that was on the way, something we were going to have.

**I**SAT down at my desk again. There was the same submission in front of me. Just as if nothing had happened. About a barrage balloon that had broken loose. I soon got busy on it.

Then there was a hull, and it seemed as if ma-in-law hadn't rung up at all. So I thought I'd get confirmation from the Home, and I telephoned them. I suppose they thought it was queer I hadn't rung sharp at three, as they'd told me. Or perhaps they didn't.

The nurse at the other end was crisp, but kind. Unless you stopped to think you really would have fancied she was as pleased as anything about Susan.

"And I can see them to-night?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "unless you insist. We'd much prefer you to wait until to-morrow—the normal visiting time for husbands—between seven and eight. Please don't

insist. It'll be much better for your wife and little daughter. They're doing perfectly, but they want rest."

So I didn't insist.

And when the canteen opened—or I should say refectory, for we're genteel at the M.O.I.—we wet the baby's head. Censors can't afford to drink on their pay—and the price of the stuff what it is—but as I said before, money doesn't seem to matter any more, so long as you're alive, and not too mouldy. So we wished little Susan luck in the grim grey world she'd come into. But so far as I was concerned we were only wishing luck to a sweet name, and what I was really toasting was that it was all over and Midge was O.K.

Of course, I wrote to her that night, and sent her a night telegram, and did all those things. And next morning I managed to get some scraggy-looking, nameless flowers—the only ones they had in the grey of winter. The matron happened to be in the hall.

"Aren't they lovely?" she said, lying politely. "I'll take them in to her later. She's asleep. She had your letter and telegram. She's very happy about the baby. She's in the private room for the first few days. Along here. You can peep in if you like, but you mustn't disturb her. She's been through a pretty bad time—though everything was normal, as we told you. She needs lots of rest."

It was warm and snug and clean and bright in the hall. The matron's eyes twinkled kindly enough behind her glasses, and you knew the busy woman would take time to arrange the flowers herself, instead of calling an underling, but her mouth was ready to set firmly if I tried to upset the well-oiled machinery of the place. There was a baby crying somewhere—quite happily.

It wasn't Susan. Susan was a name.

I peeped through a little round porthole in a door into a lovely room, clean and bare, with running water, a polished modern composition floor and french windows through which showed a foggy garden with bare trees and dripping boughs. Midge looked snug in there, and very little. Her face was turned to the window, and I could only see the top of her head. She hadn't been able to have a set for a long time. Her hair stuck up, and the rest of her was just a small mound under the blankets. I tried to think what that tired little body had been through, but of course I couldn't. I was a man.

Matron didn't let me forget that.

"You see, she's fine," said Matron briskly. "And now I must turn you out. We're very busy here, you know."

Nurses were bustling and rustling about and telephones were ringing. "And the baby," I angled, "can I see her?"

Matron's mouth went as I'd known it would, but her eyes were still twinkly.

"Thursday night," she said, promising the mere male husband a treat.

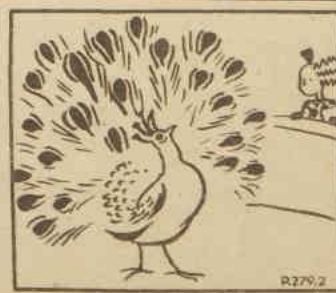
She shooed me out of the busy baby factory into the grey morning.

I got time off on Thursday night, and got to the baby factory bright and early.

It rose like a little, sturdy fort in the dark.

When I'd closed the door behind me and the entrance lights came up again I was surprised to find the hall crowded with medical students in white coats. That was the kind of thing you'd expect to find in a hospital, not here.

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R279/2



**B**EING a hardworking young attorney, Hank Morley was something of a student of life. But not of wild life, the country kind. He didn't know, therefore, whether this big bird menacing him was a hawk or an eagle. He was more than slightly upset, and he thought dazedly and fleetingly of Sinbad the Sailor's giant roc.

The big devil swooped down soon after Hank seated himself wearily on the grass and opened his lunch knapsack. As well as a curved dagger beak, it was also armed with long and dangerous talons that looked capable of tearing off a man's scalp. It lighted right on the knapsack between Hank's knees, thus securing a formidable strategic advantage at one swoop, as it were.

Hank had his back to a tree, sitting down, and there perched his feathered peril, face to face with him, studying him with cold yellow eyes.

"What the blazes!" Hank mumbled.

To this the winged bandit made no reply. Seemingly satisfied that murder was not yet necessary, it attacked Hank's sandwich, threw the bread away, and discriminately ate the roast beef. Considerably unnerved, Hank let the past events of his life flash by and wished he had done some things better. He wished particularly that he could have done better at fooling the Army into taking him; then he wouldn't be here now.

At that, he had wanted to get into the Air Force so badly he was flying in his sleep. When the medical board turned him down he had hurried to his own doctor. "Here I was, all ready to go, had everything so that I could leave, and they turn me down," he said.

"I agree with 'em," the doctor said. "You're not worth shooting. Been working too hard, smoking too much, and not getting your sleep. Who d'you think you are—Churchill?"

"All right, what do I do now?"

"Leave your office closed and take a long rest. Go up to New Hampshire or somewhere. Cut down on tobacco, eat all you can, and take long hikes. Ten, twenty, thirty miles a day. Not the easy roads—the little back roads over the hills."

So here he was with the bird menacing his every moment.

Hank reached a desperate decision. He would let drive with a fist the next time the thing looked away.

As if reading his thought, the bird stretched one enormous wing, then the other, watching him contemptuously. Oh yeah? mocked the yellow eye. Why not try salt on my tail?

Footsteps sounded softly on the grass. They reached the tree, and out of the corner of his eye Hank saw red slacks and blue sweater. The red slacks bent at the knees and became a girl seating herself on her heels. He had been unaware that she was approaching, watching interestedly.

The bird cocked a look at the girl, and the girl gazed wonderingly at

Hank and said, "This is quite extraordinary."

"Yes, isn't it?" Hank agreed, keeping perfectly still.

He gulped as the girl reached over to the bird. She wore a heavy leather glove. The bird deliberated and finally stepped on to the gauntlet. "He usually hates strangers," she remarked. She regarded Hank with a thoughtful, faraway look. Her eyes were marvellous like that. "There must be something about you."

"There must," Hank said. "I suppose he's—er—pretty tame, h'm?"

"We-ell—he's had good training, of course. But you can't really tame a gyrfalcon without breaking its spirit, you know. And Golden Pride's spirit isn't broken, by any means."

"Oh, I could see that," Hank said. The girl made a striking picture with that magnificent devil perched on her gauntlet. But then, she made a striking picture without it. It didn't alter Hank's opinion of the bird. Gyrfalcon, eh?

"My name's Daphne Kane." She held out her right hand. Hank chanced losing a finger and took it. "Mine's Hank Morley." The gyrfalcon blinked and looked gloomily away.

They smiled at each other. She

scanned his face and seemed to think there must be something about him, sure enough. He loved her for that. She had something, too. She had everything, and Hank loved everything about her. Everything except that bird. "Glad to know you, Hank," she said. "Oh, here comes Kemp."

It was too bad about Kemp Ferrand. He was tall and bronzed like an Indian, and his handclasp left Hank's fingers squared at the edges. He made Hank feel like an invalid. Hank was rusty haired, thirty pounds underweight, and inclined to be bony, and he hadn't yet begun to lose his bleached look.

"I was never so surprised, Kemp," Daphne said. "You know how Golden Pride is—even you are a bit scared of him."

"Oh, now, I wouldn't say that, I simply believe that a gyrfalcon should be a one-man bird." Kemp Ferrand turned to Hank. "You see, er—Morley—"

## BIRDS IN T

*Hank stared at the bird dumbfounded, unaware of the girl watching interestedly as she approached.*

"Well, anyway," Daphne broke in, "there he sat—Hank. I mean—playing with him! Can you imagine?"

"No, I can't," said Kemp shortly. "That is, unless he was hungry." He eyed Hank's knapsack. "I'll grant Golden Pride is well trained, but I've noticed he's not too keen about crow hawking." He eyed Hank. "Prefers rabbit, no doubt."

No slouch, himself, at this kind of verbal warfare, Hank remarked that he wasn't surprised if Kemp felt

nervous of that bird. "I've known gyrfalcons to hunt buzzards," he added.

They were going along like that, nice and lethal, when Daphne broke it up by pointing to some incautious crows and quickly suggesting a renewal of crow hawking. "If you're not too tired," she said, including them both in her look.

Kemp Ferrand said simply that he never got tired, but he intimated that it might be a bit too much for







## THE HAND



out now. He would have to do his best.

Daphne swung her gloved hand upward in a graceful arc, and at the end of the arc Golden Pride spread his great wings and took off after the crows. It was quite a beautiful sight to watch.

But just to stand in one place and watch, it seemed, was not all there was to ye ancient sport of falconry. You were expected to trail after the bird and keep it in sight. If the gyrfalcon zoomed effortlessly over a woods, you went through the woods, not as effortlessly, perhaps, but at least hurriedly. Fences and ditches did not deter you. You owed it to the bird to keep going. Nor heat nor thirst nor shortness of breath could hold you back. On you struggled, sternly enjoying yourself and possibly wishing that the bird might break its neck before it winged o'er yonder steep hill where some cursed caltiff had strung a barbed-wire fence.

Hank learned all about that the hard way during the next hour or so. He never learned whether Golden Pride downed a crow, but he hoped so. Something should have got it in the neck for all that trouble. Hank was nearly dead.

"Not a bad flight," commented Kemp, as the three of them tramped down a dusty road, Golden Pride again perched haughtily on Daphne's gauntlet. "Hope your father will be at the cottage when we get there, Daphne. I'd rather enjoy a brisk game of badminton with him before the sun goes down. You staying in the village, Morley? You'll find it shorter to take this next cross-road."

"Hank's going home with us," Daphne said. "It's closer. Tired, Hank?"

"Not at all," Hank assured her hollowly.

The Kane cottage turned out to be a vacation shack of not more than fifteen rooms or so, with a swimming pool, two or three acres of lawn, a driveway with lamp-posts, and stables and a four-car garage in the rear. The lawn was decorated with a small table with a large colored parasol over it, and a large man with a small colored butler hovering over him with a filled and frosted glass.

The large man was Lester Kane, Daphne's father. Hank had never met him, but he knew him as a senator, a big-game hunter, and a powerful somebody on some sort of Government committee. The newspapers were always running his pic-

ture. You couldn't mistake that handsome head, with its mane of grey hair and wondrously Shavian beard.

"How d'you do, how d'you do?" boomed the senator, and Hank got his fingers caught in a mangle again. The senator's forceful eyes tore Hank apart, briefly examined the pieces, found them pretty puny, and then ignored him. "Kemp, my boy, you're to go back with me to Washington right away. J.O. wants you on his committee staff. He said—What's that, Daphne?"

"I said I'll stay here," Daphne said, "and look after the birds. By the way, Mr. Morley has made friends with Golden Pride. He's a falconer, and he hunts buzzards."

The effect of this was to bring Hank under the senator's scrutiny again, and he got a friendly clap on the shoulder that nearly buckled him at the knees. It was overwhelming. The senator promised to put Hank up for membership in the Golden Gauntlet Falconry Club, of which he was president. There was to be a field meet soon. Hank must attend with one or two of his best birds.

The senator suddenly stopped. He bushed his splendid brows at Hank and demanded hushedly, "Are you a gyrfalcon or accipiter man?" From his tone he might have been asking whether Hank believed in representative government or anarchy.

"G y r f a l c o n," Hank said firmly, and got another slap on the shoulder.

"Fine, fine!" The senator offered him a cigar, and the colored butler arrived with the drinks. "Gyrfalcons, sir, are the true birds of falconry. But accipiters!" He shook his head, and Hank shook his. "Chicken hawks! Goshawks. Nasty little barnyard thieves. I shouldn't have asked you. One can tell that you're a gentleman. I beg your pardon."

Hank granted it. He realised he was getting in a bit deep, but the senator and Kemp Ferrand were going off to Washington, and all he had to do was hold his bluff for a little while. Anyway, he couldn't back down now. He thought of Daphne staying on here, only a mile from the village and no Kemp around, and the thought was full of joy. He thought of how it wouldn't do any harm to have the friendly influence of a senator behind him, and that thought had its good points, too.

He raised his tall, cool drink. "To the ancient sport," he said reverently. "To Golden Pride, prince of gyrfalcons. And confusion to—er—accipiters!"

Daphne gazed at him solemnly. Kemp Ferrand stared broodingly into his glass. The senator beamed.

When Hank called at the Kane cottage next day to inquire about the health of Golden Pride, the senator and Kemp Ferrand were gone. Daphne hailed him from the swim-

## The sight of Daphne plunged him headlong into love—and trouble.

ming pool, and the sight of her in a red polka-dot swimming suit caused Hank to tremble and grow fainter than usual. The colored butler dug up a pair of trunks for him, and for an hour he and Daphne disappeared at the pool, giving ten minutes to the water, and fifty to loafing on the edge. Then they got into their clothes and went out on to the lawn and loafed some more. It beat hiking round the country.

Lunching on the lawn with Daphne beat eating out of a knapsack, too. The butler was very understanding, and brought it to them where they loafed. Lying stretched out comfortably with her arms behind her head, Daphne said dreamily that they really should take a walk. Hank said he supposed they should, and wasn't it a pity that he had a blister on his heel? Daphne gave him a soft murmur of sympathy, and they talked of other things. Then the first they knew, dinner came along. Hank had to borrow a flashlight to see his way back to his room in the village.

So the lovely days went by, like beautiful beads on a string, and Hank took his hardening exercise strolling from the village to the Kane cottage and back again, one round trip per day. Soon the butler was serving all meals for two as a matter of course, including breakfast. After Hank found he could catch a ride out from the village with the R.F.D. man, everything was practically perfect.

Practically, but not quite. He and Daphne were getting along swell, and she was letting him know that she liked him an awful lot, and they always kissed good-night—which was something to look forward to during their lovely days—but at times he caught her gazing at him with a dubious look shadowing her eyes, as if she found something wanting about him. Maybe she was wishing he were more of a big bronze Indian, with bone-crushing hands. It was a chilling thought and it haunted him. It restrained him from pointing out that there was a nice legal way of eliminating that nightly walk of his back to the village.

And then one morning he arrived to find the senator and Kemp Ferrand trespassing on the place. The senator had Golden Pride perched

mind. Better hurry off, Hank, my boy. See you to-morrow. Got a good bird?"

"Oh, sure," Hank said. "I've got the bird. But good!"

He left. He caught the ten o'clock train, and when he came out of Grand Central Station he was nursing a desperate hope. You could buy anything in New York. Why not a gyrfalcon?

Why not? No special reason, apparently, but he learned after an hour's phoning that New York City was right out of gyrfalcons. Five men tried to sell him parrots, and one knew where he could pick up a very superior cockatoo that spoke Spanish, but no gyrfalcons.

Hank finally appealed to the police. He went to Sergeant Calhoun, old acquaintance. "Well, now," said the sergeant, "there's a feller over in Brooklyn, an Eyefallan, he is, who's got a reglar menagerie. I think he raises cock-fighters on the aly. How'd that do?"

It wouldn't do, but Hank went there anyway, and the sergeant went with him. Gennaro Boggio, at first subdued and sullen in the presence of the law, brightened up at the mention of a gyrfalcon. Sure, he had one. Very nice bird. Bought it last week off a sailor feller from Mexico or Argentina or some place. A real fighting bird, always wanting to fight everything in the place. He produced it.

"It's not much like the fowl I know," Hank said. "It's a different color, and not as big."

The sergeant, who had taken a fancy to the bird, said maybe all gyrfalcons didn't look alike. Gennaro Boggio said as far as he knew no two looked the same. He brought out a tattered bird book to prove it, with many pictures of falcons, all different. So Hank bought it for twenty-five dollars, borrowed a crate to carry it in, and caught a late train.

In the village he bought a pair of leather work gloves, and hurried up to the Kane house. The butler told him the meet had already begun, and off went Hank with his bird perched formally on his gauntlet. He felt a slight excess of knightliness, for the more he looked at the bird the higher he regarded it and himself. True, it wasn't a golden hue. It was a sort of blackish blue-green. It had blood-red eyes, a

notched beak, a cynical and tough expression, and it held its head at a cocky angle. So many scars had accrued to it from a combative past that its feathers were all ruffled and untidy. It looked wicked and battered and friendly, like an old fighter who knew his way round.

He found the meet, and a goodly crowd was there. It was an arresting scene of tanned and sternly outdoorish men with gyrfalcons on their gauntlets and falconer's bags slung from their shoulders, all talking fluently of jesses and bells and hoods and lures. And the tall trees and green grass. And Daphne.

The senator was speaking to a small group, Kemp Ferrand among them. He saw Hank, raised his right hand in greeting, and suddenly froze, his eyes on Hank's bird. A hush fell over the company.

The senator lowered his hand and came stalking slowly over. His face was pale. "Wh-what—" He paused to steady his voice. "What do you call that—that bird?"

"Sergeant's Fancy," Hank answered. "But I generally just call him the Sergeant."

"I mean," thundered the senator, "what kind is he? What kind of—of accipiter?"

Hank blanched. There was a sound of indrawn breaths. Sleek gyrfalcons stared scornfully at the Sergeant. The Sergeant stuck his head forward and looked belligerent and rowdy.

"A goshawk!" Kemp exclaimed.

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## By L. L. FOREMAN

on his gloved wrist. It was Hank's first sight of the gyrfalcon since the introduction. Life had been very pleasant without it.

"Did you send for your birds, my boy?" boomed the senator. "What? Oh, but you must—you must! Club's having a field meet here. Want you to meet everybody before I put you up for membership. You know. Got a big surprise, too. Very important. Very important. Can't divulge details now, but it has to do with—ah—military effort. Everybody'll be here. Kemp's having his Blue Bonny and Sovereign Knight sent up by plane. By gad, we'll show them some hawking, eh?"

"We—uh—sure will," Hank looked at Kemp. "Two birds, huh? Yours?"

"Trapped them and trained them myself," Kemp said. He eyed Hank with much the same insulting look as that of Golden Pride after eating the roast beef out of the sandwich. "You do own a bird, I suppose?"

"Naturally," Hank answered. "Wouldn't be without one. I'll have it here in a few days. I keep it in the city, you know, and it takes time to—"

"You can catch the ten o'clock train this morning, and be back to-morrow morning. We'll expect you."

"By the way, Daphne," said the senator, "I want you to go back to Washington with me after the meet to-morrow. The apartment is in a mess there. Need you. No excuses,



## Birds in the Hand

Continued from page 9

"No." A rugged-faced gentleman shook his head. "That blue peregrine sheen, you know. And yet—h'm! Strange. Those sharp wings. And red eyes. Never saw anything like it, never!"

"Why, the thing seems to have spurs, like a—rooster!" exploded somebody else. "Crossbred, you think? Good heavens!"

The senator declared that this was obviously a dastardly attempt to ridicule him, and he hinted at political foes who would go to any lengths to stab a man in the back. He apologised to the whole club for this shameful outrage.

Avoiding all eyes, especially Daphne's, Hank slunk off with the Sergeant.

A half-mile away he ran into a small party of Army officers, headed by a brigadier-general.

"Ah, there," the General greeted Hank. "I imagine you can tell us where that falconry meet is."

Hank gave him directions. The General remarked that that was quite a bird he had there. "Going to fly him? . . . No? Why not?"

"He doesn't belong with the gentry."

The General looked puzzled. "What of it? All we want is to find out if trained hawks will bring down messenger pigeons—the enemy's. It's the senator's idea. He says the Germans have trained hawks that will spot a messenger

pigeon, kill it, and bring it back—do everything but decode the message. Better come along."

"No thanks."

They went on, and Hank sat down, weary and woeful. The Sergeant yawned boredly, flew up to a low branch, and sulked. Hank was inclined to leave him there, but a stubborn loyalty to the maligned bird kept him there. After a while he heard some shouts, and a small pigeon came winging overhead. After the pigeon came half a dozen large gyrfalcons. The Sergeant shot upward out of the tree in a power climb, no longer bored.

The Sergeant gained altitude amazingly fast. He streaked up between the panic-stricken pigeon and the gyrfalcons, turned over abruptly, and dived. He struck the first gyrfalcon, and feathers flew. Hank gasped in horror. The gyrfalcon fluttered stunnedly and descended like a man sliding down a bank. The Sergeant met the next one almost head on, raked him savagely with his talons in passing, and that was another gyrfalcon that lost interest in the pigeon.

The Sergeant was evidently enjoying himself, but Hank wasn't. Neither were the gyrfalcons. They changed route, dodging the terror. The pigeon had vanished. Men came running through the woods

shouting angrily. The Sergeant did a snap roll, a dazzling dive, and more feathers floated in the air.

The senator shook his fist in Hank's face. "You—you saboteur!" he roared. The rest of the club members were in just as high a fury, while the Army officers watched the Sergeant's tactics with interest.

The gyrfalcons had had enough. They were coming home. Golden Pride and Kemp's Sovereign Knight paired, planing downward. The Sergeant swooped joyously after them. He struck Sovereign Knight, and Kemp bowed.

"Never saw anything so deadly in my life!" said the General. "Look at the speed of the thing! The flexibility!"

Golden Pride, losing his head entirely, zoomed into the crowd. The Sergeant, heading him off, skimmed through the crowd like a shrieking banshee, dodging in and out. The crowd burst apart. The senator tried to keep out of the way of the birds, bumped heavily into the General, and both of them tumbled. Everybody was yelling. Hank bolted. It seemed time to go.

Just before sunset he crawled out from cover, very tired and hungry, and as he plodded down a dirt road he was borne in upon him that he hadn't done much to harden himself these past few days.

He heard a faint whistle, and looked up and saw a flock of ducks passing by. But the ducks weren't making that whistling sound. The Sergeant was doing that, diving for his supper.

A CAR came along the road. Hank stopped it and asked for a lift into the village. "If you don't mind waiting till I can get my hawk," he added, and the man at the wheel said he didn't mind.

Hank swung his knapsack as a lure, but it was several minutes before the Sergeant came to him with a dead duck in his talons. "Bring the duck along, too," the man told Hank. "I'm the game protector for this district, and I need that for evidence. Let's see, now: I charge you with hunting out of season, hunting without a license, and"—he studied the Sergeant—"hunting with an illegal device," he decided. "Step in!"

Hank sat on one bench in the cell and the Sergeant snoozed on the other, and Daphne said urgently through the barred door, "For heaven's sake, pull yourself together, Hank! My father and the General are here to talk to you!"

"Let 'em come," said Hank feebly. "I've had everything happen to me. Nothing can hurt now."

The senator and the General came to the door.

The General grinned at Hank. "Well, you showed me something," he commented. "You showed us that a hawk can be trained to protect our own pigeons from enemy hawks. I've got a job for you. It's the senator's idea."

"My idea is that the Army could use your—ah—talents," the senator explained kindly—a little too kindly. "You can train hawks for the Signal Corps, to protect our messenger pigeons. The General will see to it that any physical shortcomings which you may have will be waived, so that you may enter the service of your country and serve in some far-off camp. The farther off the better. I am sure you will jump at this opportunity. I am sure you do not wish to spend the next year or two in goal. H'm? . . . Ah, good. A wise choice!"

They departed. Daphne slipped back. Hank whispered to her.

### SKIN DISEASES

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## Home Leave

HIS home on leave!

And all the aggravating things he used to do  
(Leaving the towels upon a soaking floor.  
Rifle, and boots, and army kit galore.  
Strewing the rooms; well ordered since he left),  
These he still does; yet somehow now, it seems  
To matter very little; when I see  
The one so longed for smiling back at me.  
What DOES it matter really, if the place  
Is like a jumble sale, for the short space  
Of time until he's gone? Nothing at all!  
The lonely days ahead leave time to spare  
To pick up things, alas, when he's not there.  
So much the same he is! He'll never change,  
Restless, adventurous, ever some new request  
To put before me. "Would it be O.K.  
If he should join the paratroops some day?"  
The paratroops! Oh heavens, when I fret  
To think of him away: that's had enough!  
But when he shows how "paras" do their stuff  
And looks amazed that I should get no thrill  
To think of him as one (I never will!),  
I realise that he must go his way  
Unfettered: whilst I trust and hope and pray.

—Eileen Sheahan.

"Listen, I don't know anything about falconry. I don't even like falconry."

"Neither do I," she said. "I've had to bear with it all my life, and I swore I'd never marry any man who knew a blue peregrine from a mallard duck. You had me fooled for a while. But it's hawks or house-gow for you. Now kiss me, soldier."

So that's how Hank got to be what he is and where he is now. After the hawks-flying-interference-for-pigeons project folded up because

the Sergeant was the only one of his kind, Hank managed to get switched into the Air Corps. The Army life had made a bronze Indian of him by that time, and he bounced when he walked. He took the Sergeant with him into the Air Corps as a mascot, and in a recent letter to Daphne Morley, nee Kane, he enclosed a blackish blue-green feather. Seems the Sergeant took off one day and blithely attacked a flock of Zeros.

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● If you are going out at night protect your curls with a filmy shawl in palest blue, fastened to your frock with a clump of soft pink roses.

● An enchanting nightie of pastel-pink silk or chiffon. Ruffled lace epaulets and insertion threaded with blue satin ribbon make for additional flattery. (Left.)

● Be a glamor-girl in an ice-blue negligee. The sweeping skirt and slender bodice are made of heavy silk taffeta, with yoke and full sleeves in matching chiffon.

● Powder-blue, dull-finished crepe is our selection for a going-away frock. Notice the lovely draped skirt and pretty neckline, highlighted with a closely packed band of flowers to match the frivolous hat. (Left.)

● This suavely sophisticated, draped dinner-dress is interpreted in pale-green silk jersey. With it wear a capacious snood of the same material. (Extreme left.)







• One of this year's richest candidates among wedding dresses—pale ivory satin, luminously elegant. The sweeping skirt is enhanced by a slender bodice, featuring a marquisette yoke encrusted with daisies of seed pearls. A pleated net tiara and veil and an armful of white roses complete the picture.



• All the intriguing fragility beloved of our grandmothers, plus the sophisticated charm of the woman of to-day, is captured in this wedding gown. Made of ivory taffeta, the rustling full skirt and peplum bodice are piped in matching satin.



• Lace and l'amour are a tradition, so wait down the aisle in a confection of cream satin with a gracious overskirt of Chantilly type lace. Flowers cut out from the lace margin the flattering sweetheart neckline, and are also used for the enchanting Dutch cap, best-loved headdress of current brides.



# Bridal Fashions



● To make the bride an all-round vision of loveliness, the skirt of this cream satin gown with a fully gathered back panel is edged with lace, which also encircles the deep marquisette bodice yoke.

● The bustle back and high Chinese collar are two 1945 notes which New York has added to the timeless loveliness of the traditional wedding dress of stiff white brocade.



● A graceful bridesmaid in a picturesque frock of waterlily-blue brocade, made with a willowy long bodice and old-world bustle bow.

● Equally lovely for the bride or her attendant, this romantic damask picture dress with fitted bodice is the evanescent color of moonstones.



● The classic beauty of cream-colored satin is given extra elegance by a delicate embroidery of lovers' knots in seed pearls around the heart-shaped neckline. Veiling falls from the high tiara, that is so intricately tucked and pleated it looks like the icing on the wedding cake. These bridal gowns are from leading New York designers.



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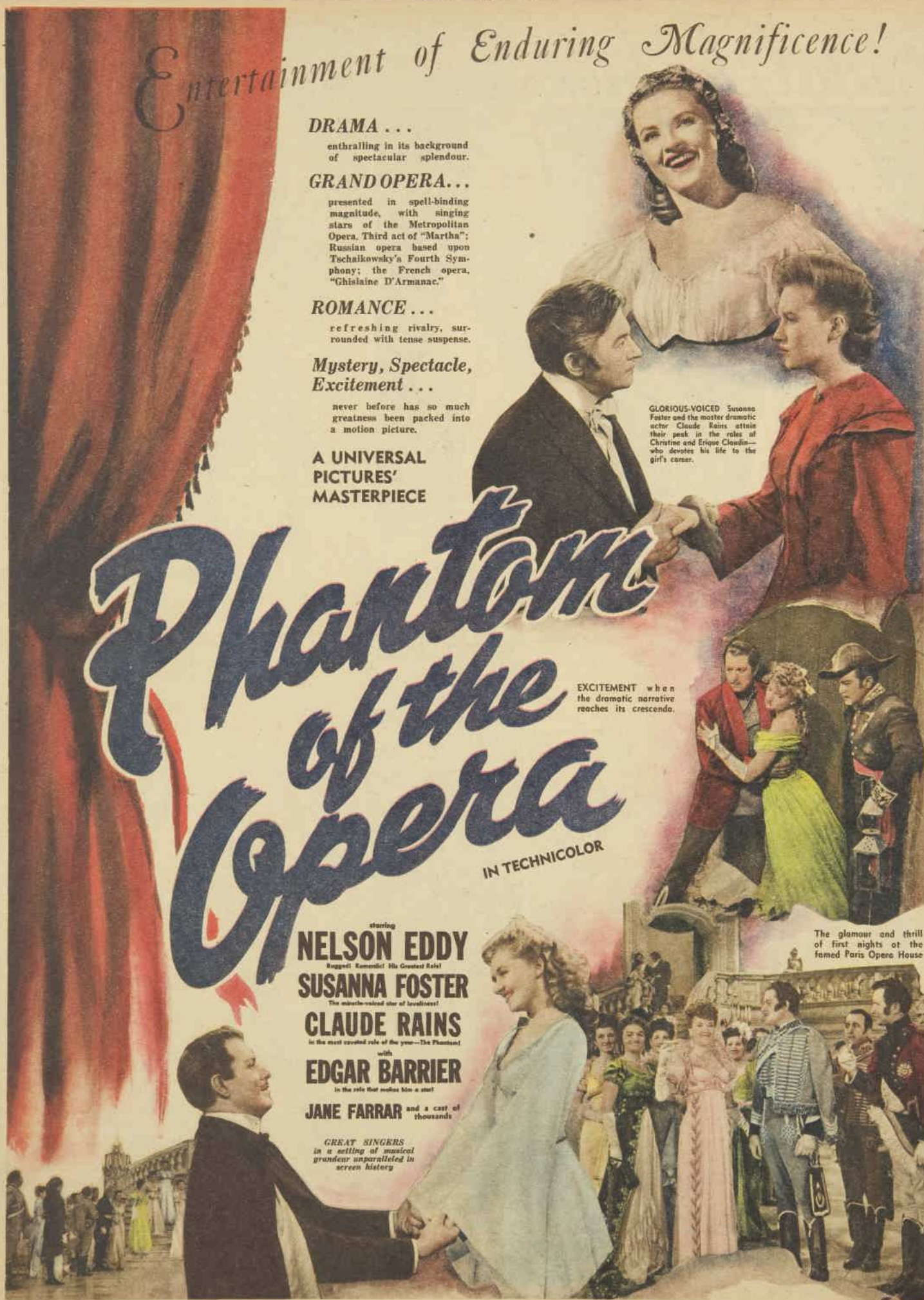
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## Twenty servicemen escape from blazing launch

A small launch used by a technical unit in New Guinea as transport to the pictures caught fire and was soon ablaze from stem to stern.

The twenty occupants escaped safely.

Cpl. M. Bonhomme, in a letter to his wife, at 22 Flint St., North Ipswich, Qld., describes the incident.

"WE have a small launch here for workshop use, the Y boat as we call it, and on picture nights it has been the practice to use it to cross the lagoon, about 100 yards.

"This Y-boat has a V8 engine and carries 80 gallons of petrol. Fortunately, it is open throughout.

"Last night was picture night, and so we followed the rule and all piled aboard, about twenty blokes.

"Wally, a friend of mine, was driving, and I walked forward to tell him that I'd mind his seat while he put the boat away.

"There was a quiet 'whoosh,' and the boat was blazing furiously from stem to stern.

"I looked round and saw the flames roaring up about three feet.

"Everybody was leaving, so I followed suit.

"I performed the most classic shallow dive ever seen.

"One moment I was leaning nonchalantly against the side, and then there was a sort of soft swish and I disappeared in the water.

"Why I dived I can't imagine, because, classic as the dive was, it was rather unnecessary. The water was only six inches deep.

"I screamed for a fire-extinguisher, but somebody got in before me, so I wandered, wet and feeling cheated, back to the blaze. A perfectly good blaze, and me with nothing to squirt on it.

"It was not any good hurling water on it, being a petrol fire, and



VETERAN ENGINEER with native boys, Cpl. John Baillie, who is now engineer on a small hospital ship, was snapped with a group of natives while in New Guinea. Cpl. Baillie was with a dispatch unit in Greece, and fought against German paratroopers in Crete. Photo sent by his wife, of Josting Street, Toowong, Brisbane.

the extinguishers could not get at it under the floor.

"I scared one bloke. He was trying to chop a hole in the boat's side and sink it.

"An excellent idea, as this would have allowed 80 gallons of beautifully burning high octane fuel to float round the wharf and the other boats.

"So I put it to him that where he stood was directly over the petrol tank, and didn't he think it might be rather irritating when it blew up.

"The woodchopper could not argue on this point, and skimmed off the stem like a nesting swallow, coming to rest a safe distance away.

"By this time the thing was a mass of flames and doomed.

"The skipper decided to drag it out to sea and dynamite it. I shot off to get the 'jelly,' joyously thinking of the huge bang. But even then they swindled me, because when I got back looking like a miner, with fuse and deto, and 'jelly,' they were towing it away.

"I stood on the wharf and watched it go, and I realised why the Vikings like that sort of burial. It was a grand sight as she slipped away blazing completely."

LAC R. Cook, in the South-west Pacific, to this page:

"WE were given A.C.P. hampers, which were splendid and much appreciated.

"The four occupants of one of the tents had attracted quite a crowd round it, all laughing heartily.

"Of course I had to satisfy my curiosity and see what was doing.

"About ten yards from the scene I could smell eau-de-Cologne among other strong perfumes.

"I found this was due to the fact that the four tent occupants—Cpl. Ted Hicks, LAC Perry, Cpl. Joe Pearce, and Cpl. Dave Caldwell—had all received Waaaf's parcels containing perfume, shampoo, etc., by mistake.

"There could not have been more excitement if the parcels had contained a Waaaf.

"The boys have now been given the title of ACW, and are to be seen getting every attention and being waited on at table, and even assisted by the arm over any obstacle."



ELEVEN-FOOT SHARK with its captors, members of an R.A.A.F. instrument section at Darwin. Back row, left to right: LAC Vernon, Cpl. Gleeson, LAC Mason, F/Sgt. McLaren, Cpl. Magin. Front row: LAC's Williams, Campbell, and Clarke. Photo sent by Cpl. N. Magin.

A soldier in New Guinea to his mother at 44 Redmyre Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.:

"I VISITED a war cemetery, where many of the men of my old battalion are buried. The names on the crosses looked so familiar that it was hard to realise that the soldiers to whom they belonged would go on lying beneath the grass and the white crosses without movement or life.

"The cemeteries are beautifully kept, and it would be a consolation to the people at home, who have lost those men whom they loved, to know that they are still with friends, even in death, and that they rest in peace and beauty. The sun shines, the grass is green over them, and for them the fret and fume is ended.

"Those who are left demand all our tears and striving."



UNKNOWN. Four copies of this photo were found, and relatives can obtain them from 109360 ACW Russell, R.A.A.F. Publication Store, 551 Lonsdale St., Melbourne.

### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



"GOOGAGALUP!" was Edward Corley's remark

when interviewed . . . translated, that meant: "Here's the way I see it. Johnson's feels awful soft after a hard day's napping; makes you feel so comfortable you forget to be cross 'cause they woke you up . . . Yes, sure I like both Powder and Oil."



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# Repatriated prisoners on happiest ship afloat



THE ARUNDEL CASTLE steaming into dock at Liverpool carrying an earlier batch of repatriated prisoners of war. Australian Red Cross workers were on the dock to look after their countrymen.

## For first time Australian Red Cross woman worker accompanies men to England

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

After nearly four years behind the barbed wire of a German prison camp a large party of Australian servicemen have arrived in England on the first lap of their journey home.

They include soldiers who were captured in Greece and Crete, airmen taken prisoner after bombing missions over Germany, and some Merchant Navy men.

THE Australian Red Cross, which is doing a magnificent job looking after repatriated prisoners in Britain, sent Mrs. Boyd Moriarty to Marseilles where the exchange took place.

"We must have been the happiest ship afloat," said Mrs. Moriarty as she stepped off the Arundel Castle. "For men who had spent up to four years in prison camps it was like a pleasure cruise on a luxury liner."

The journey to Marseilles by Mrs. Moriarty, a member of the Australian Red Cross Field Forces in London, was the first of this kind made by an Australian woman.

It was so successful and so much appreciated by the men that in future an Australian Red Cross woman will stand right at the frontier to welcome back Australians to the world of free men.

The men were so delighted to see an Australian woman when she went through the train with coffee for them that they almost went wild with joy, cheering and whooping their delight.

### One long gossip

ONLY wish Australian women could have seen them to know how much it means to the boys to meet one of their own countrywomen again," she said.

"The men were hungry for news of their homes and their loved ones, and the journey to England was one long gossip about Australia."

Mrs. Moriarty is well known to men of the A.I.F., as she met them at Service clubs in Tel Aviv, Cairo, and Alexandria before they fought and were taken prisoner.

"I was just as excited as they were when we all met again," she said. "There was so much to talk about, and they wanted to know news of their mates."

"They were anxious to hear all about Australian women, how they looked, had the war changed them, would they be glad to see the boys, what the girls looked like in uniform."

"I used to sit on a box in the middle of the saloon and talk until I was nearly hoarse."

Mrs. Moriarty was indeed hoarse when I interviewed her, but she was

as bright and smiling and full of enthusiasm for her repatriated men as though she had just met them at Marseilles.

One Australian touch that the boys loved was the sprig of wattle she handed to the first man she met.

In the South of France mimosa comes out early, and while she waited for the trains bringing the men from Switzerland she gathered some.

"Some of the men were in bed, but they were just as cheery as the rest," she said.

"Sergeant G. Acocks, of Mordilloe, Vic., was in bed all the time, but he made a good recovery and walked ashore with the rest of the boys."

The voyage home, with its freedom, good food, and plenty of fun, did wonders toward rehabilitating the repatriated men.

"Flight-Lieutenant Harry Shipley, of Bexley, N.S.W., who got about more quickly on crutches than anyone I ever saw, was one of the most cheerful," said Mrs. Moriarty. Most of the R.A.A.P. men found themselves promoted in rank on arrival.

After leaving the ship they went to Weston, where there was another party specially for the Air Force.

"I wondered sometimes if food would come out of their eyes," said Mrs. Moriarty, "but they seemed to be able to take as much of that as they could news of Australia."

Concerts, quizzes, and house-hold games passed away the days on the voyage, and a sketch that had been played hundreds of times in the Stalags was put on with Mrs. Moriarty in the female role.

The men stepped ashore in every kind of headgear, from a Russian hat to an Italian cap. Proudest of their possessions were half a dozen slouch hats they had carefully preserved between them.

As soon as the men reached London their first thoughts were for those they had left behind, and even before they shopped for themselves they bought shoes, clothes, and shirts in correct sizes.

Almost every man had the small hat that meant so much to friends behind barbed wire.

Mrs. Moriarty told me that the food situation was worrying some of the lads, for some camps had not had parcels through since last September, and reserves were just beginning to run out.



SGT. G. ACOCKS, of Mordilloe, Vic., one of the repatriated prisoners who recently reached England on the way home.

"But there is no need for relatives to worry," she assured me. "There are large dumps of food at Geneva which will be sent through even if Germany suddenly collapses."



MRS. BOYD MORIARTY, of the Australian Red Cross, distributing comforts in an Australian hospital. She has just reached England by the Arundel Castle with repatriated prisoners of war.

The repatriated men told me that the friends they left behind were in a very optimistic mood.

"The Germans know they are done," one said, "but we have the feeling they won't collapse suddenly, for the Gestapo has too strong a hold."

One A.I.F. man, Private N. Scott, of Mildura, was picked up by the Germans only eight months ago. He had been living in caves, sometimes on such short rations that he had only a handful of grass to eat.

The men are from Stalags 344, 333, 11A, 12C, 18A, and 8A.

The party split up in two groups, the first half returning in the

Letitia, the second in the Arundel Castle.

The morale of the repatriated Australians is marvellous.

As soon as it can be arranged they will be going to Australia.

In the meantime the Red Cross is doing a wonderful job for them. They have comfortable hotels to stay in, shopping guides to help them, and private hospitality if they want it.

"The boys have to readjust themselves to the new-found freedom," Mrs. Moriarty said.

"They are shy at first, but after a week or so they will overcome this, and then settle down and enjoy their visit to England."

## New Archbishop is head of a busy family

Cabled by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, his wife and six sons are typical of any British family in wartime. Though they live in a palace with one hundred rooms, they tend, like most families, to do everything in one of them.

THEY used to have a large staff including several gardeners at Fulham Palace—their residence while Doctor Geoffrey Fisher was Bishop of London—but they now do all work themselves.

Mrs. Fisher manages her 100-room palace by closing up 70 of the rooms and moving into a few of the remaining 30 that weren't bomb damaged.

Four of their six sons are in the Forces. The other two boys are at school. They are a happy family, enjoying a great deal of laughter and putting the emphasis on homely things.

Mrs. Fisher has very firm ideas about a woman's place in the home. "She's the most important person in the family," she told me, "and though I approve of a woman having a career and outside interests, I feel it mustn't be done at the sacrifice of her children or husband's physical or spiritual well-being."

"Women can do a great deal in the reshaping of the future," she emphasised, "but I'm convinced their real influence will be through the family."

"I'm opposed to children being brought up in nurseries and men and women tending to drift into a community life that to some extent segregates the sexes."

"This doesn't mean I'm opposed to day nurseries, or clubs for men and women, but they mustn't take the place of the home after the war."

"My only regret about the appointment is that in post-war years I'll have a certain amount of official entertaining to do which will take me away from my clubs and the sixty-thousand-strong Mothers' Union of which I'm central president."

"Meanwhile I intend to live in the servants' quarters of Lambeth Palace and one small suite of rooms in the Palace at Canterbury. It's the only way in wartime."



DR. GEOFFREY FISHER, new Archbishop of Canterbury, with his wife and two youngest boys, Robert and Tim. The four older sons are in the Forces.

From her life as a housewife and public worker, Mrs. Fisher said she had learned a great deal during this war, and had been interested in what it had done to the people of Britain.

"I think for all the evils and heartbreaks of war it's probably done us some good," she said. "It's shown us that black is black. I mean we see evil so clearly, and therefore I think we see more clearly the Christian standards against this black background."

For relaxation the new Archbishop of Canterbury likes to do crossword puzzles. He and Mrs. Fisher work independently on them at the fire, comparing results.



# Editorial

FEBRUARY 24, 1945

## PACIFYING EUROPE

THOUGH the meeting of the Big Three at Yalta sprang no surprises on a waiting world, its decisions will greatly help to pacify Europe.

The division of Germany into three occupied areas will make easier the avowed object of the Big Three — the stamping of every trace of Nazism from the face of the earth.

While Europe's leaders thus discuss high policy, U.N.R.R.A. representatives have been meeting near Sydney to plan a campaign of mercy in liberated countries.

When the victorious Allied armies pass by, they leave in their rear millions of people disorganised by battle, and shattered economically by the rigor of enemy rule.

U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) will deal with those millions of individual people.

The organisation is not a charity.

Its one aim is to place Italians, Greeks, and other released peoples on their own economic feet, so that they can become citizens of a country which is once more a going concern.

To do this is by no means easy while the Allied armies are drawing off a colossal amount of transport for the replenishment of their equipment and supplies.

But its achievement is a matter of the utmost urgency, if the world is not to drift into a state of acute nervous exhaustion.

For in the long run the decisions of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt can have no validity unless the ordinary man and woman in Europe and Asia can achieve lasting happiness and freedom.

# La Guardia to seek fourth term as New York Mayor

LA GUARDIA, New York's famous Mayor, looks like following Mr. Roosevelt's example by holding office for a fourth term.

Mayor of New York since 1934, La Guardia was the first man in the 276 years of New York's history to be elected Mayor three times in succession.

Now, he is to stand for a fourth term.

If he's elected, New Yorkers will retain one of their most cantankerous and unorthodox Mayors but undeniably one of their greatest benefactors.

The colorful "Little Flower" has blossomed richly through 30 cyclonic years of public life.

Of exasperatingly complex temperament, he is credited by friends with being big enough to be proposed for President and by enemies with being small enough to reply to Press criticism by snatching and tearing a reporter's note-book to shreds.

He works at his City Hall desk minus coat and tie, hurling insults and threats at callers, browbeating his secretaries, denouncing politicians as grafters, and stopping only occasionally to mop his brow with a limp handkerchief, observing, "Thank God I'm a placid man."

Only five-feet two (his legs dangle 10 inches from the floor), he has no bullied his Commissioners that they hesitate to cough without his permission.

He once k.o.d. a heckler at a campaign meeting, and the following week, while en route to his office, broke up a street fight between two sailors.

A born showman, he is continually stunting in and out of the headlines in the cause of civic progress or La Guardia.

His naivete reveals itself in his passion for dashing to the scene of any fire outbreak in the city, standing between hoses, and barking orders.

La Guardia the politician, however, is canny, shrewd, and unscrupulous.

In running for office he has used nine political parties and cursed most of them. He swings right, left, or centre, whichever suits.

Many of the voters who have expressed contempt for his methods have been the first to rally to his support in an election.

La Guardia has made one or two big mistakes in his office, but he just grins and says:

"When I make a mistake, it's a beaut."

While many people label him money-honest and power-mad, few deny that he has given New York a clean government by making the Treasury sound, and elections honest by turning political hack commissioners into professional experts.

His civic improvements are legion. Schools, park playgrounds,



LUSTY, DYNAMIC La Guardia, who will stand for a fourth term as Mayor of New York this year.

housing developments, and other notable projects are living memorials to his terms in office.

La Guardia, who has been married twice, has two adopted children.

Born in New York of Italian-Jewish parentage, he grew up in Arizona, entered the Consular service at 19, went to Europe, and later acted as interpreter the speaks seven languages for European immigrants at Ellis Island, New York.

He practised law for a time in New York in 1910, served on the Italian front in the first World War in command of night and day bombing squadrons, and was made a Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy.

After the war he had a couple of terms as a member of Congress, and in 1934 was elected Mayor of New York.

## Hates Fascism

ALWAYS an outspoken enemy of Fascism and Nazism, La Guardia was dubbing Nazis "crooks and guttersnipe, and tin-horns" in the days when Chamberlain was doing his best to appease Hitler.

Supporting all-out aid for Britain in 1941, he warned: "If England falls we shall be defending ourselves for the next 25 years. Give her all the planes she needs at a discount."

Said Nazi commentator in Berlin Hans Fritzsche in 1941: "We shall establish La Guardia's guilt in a plot to kill Hitler, in a trial in Berlin after the war."

Enraged at the deletion from a short-wave broadcast of his reference to the Emperor of Japan as a



MAYOR FIORELLO LA GUARDIA chatting to General de Gaulle at New York City Hall, during the General's visit to the United States last year.

son of a something," La Guardia said:

"I made what I thought was an appropriate reference to Hirohito."

Newspaper reaction was strongly unfavorable to La Guardia's method of waging war on gamblers by inviting little boys to tell him when their fathers gambled.

La Guardia replied by pointing to a pile of letters on his desk which he said were from mothers endorsing his action.

A photographer managed to snap part of a letter, enlargement of which revealed the words: "Shocked at your action; it savors of Hitlerism."

His latest anti-gambling move is to support a bill whereby wives would have the right to sue any person who has won money from their husbands by gambling.

## Fashion conscious

SINCE the fall of Paris, Fiorello has been as keenly aware of the newest trend in gores and gussets as any dressmaker.

Because style is a big, profitable business, he has tirelessly plugged New York manufactured dresses and continuously proclaimed Manhattan the new fashion capital of the world.

Every Sunday afternoon, to the theme song of "Halls of Montezuma," he broadcasts to a listening audience of nearly 2,000,000.

The City's business men have tried unsuccessfully to cash-in on this huge audience by offering to pay the city \$8000 for 25 sponsorships of the Mayor's broadcasts.

La Guardia thinks Australia should open her door to immigrants after the war.

He thinks immigration in America has a record of success.

"But then I'm the son of an immigrant," he says.

While the Little Flower has made thousands of friends and thousands of enemies in his Mayoralty garden during the past 10 years, differences of opinion about him don't bother him in the least.

"I dislike some people so intensely that I would be terribly distressed if I suddenly discovered they liked me," he says.

It's said Mr. Roosevelt will support his fourth term candidature, just as he supported Mr. Roosevelt's.

## Interesting People

### COLONEL F. H. MORAN

... important liaison job

GRADUATE of Melbourne University and former London child specialist, Colonel F. H. (Paddy) Moran,

of Melbourne, who gave up medicine for commerce, manufacturing spark plugs and fog lamps, is now deputy chairman, Medical Equipment Control Committee; executive member, Surgical Instrument Panel; and liaison officer between Defence Department and the manufacturers. Won Military Cross in last war.

### MISS JOYCE WILSON

... secretarial

RECENTLY in Australia as private secretary to Lord Reith, leader of the British Empire Com-

munications Mission to Dominions, and director of Combined Operations Materials at British Admiralty, attractive Miss Joyce Wilson, of Perthshire, Scotland, holds one of most important

private secretarial posts at Admiralty. Formerly staff captain in Auxiliary Territorial Service, she was seconded to Admiralty.

### MR. H. A. STOKES HUGHES

... director, P.O.W. department

NEWLY appointed director, Prisoner of War Department, Red Cross national headquarters,

Melbourne, is Mr. H. A. Stokes Hughes, of Sydney, formerly of Malaya, and member of Federated Malaya States Volunteer Forces in Singapore. Was liaison officer between F.M.S.V.F. and A.I.F. 8th Division. After escaping from Singapore, joined A.I.F., and was appointed area commandant, northern sector, Western Australia.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.





**JUST ENGAGED.** Judith Cook, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cook, of Mosman, and Flying-Officer Essex Tait, R.A.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Tait, of Toowoomba and Sydney, announce their engagement when Essex arrives in Sydney on leave.



**HAPPY COUPLE.** Royce Gregory, ex-A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Nancy Miller, of Wahroonga, arrive at the Ploekwick Club for the reception following their wedding at St. Philip's. Royce is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gregory, of Turramurra.



**KISS FOR THE BRIDE.** Flower-girl Lynette Frazer kisses Mrs. Frank Ayres, formerly Hazel Haig, of North Bondi, after her wedding to Flying-Officer Frank Ayres, R.A.A.F., of Western Australia, at St. John's, Darlinghurst.



**APPEAL FOR HELPERS.** Mrs. C. Morgan (left) and Mrs. A. C. Robbins, of the R.A.A.F. Welfare Centre, 330 George Street, appeal for women voluntary workers for the canteen, which served 2000 meals last month. They also assist at the British Centre every second Sunday.

## On and off DUTY.

**"WE'LL welcome officers on leave from any of the Allied Nations Women's Services,"** says Mrs. C. P. Johnson, president of the Committee for the new A.C.F. Women Officers' Club, 4 Elizabeth Bay Rd.

The club can accommodate thirty-five living in, and provide meals for 80. Since the building was taken over it has been decorated throughout, main color motif being soft blue.

Committee supervised the arrangements. Lady Morhead chose the chair coverings, Mrs. C. W. Rundle the curtains, and Lady Reading, with Mrs. Johnson, the general furnishings. Manageress is Miss M. Woodger.

**AT** Government House during reception given by Lord and Lady Wakehurst to UNRRA delegates I find that

overseas women members are centre of attraction. Vivacious Dr. Dorothy Jacquelin, from Washington, who is area economist, confesses to common fear of being unable to find a flat here when she returns from conference at Lapstone. Notice quaint little hat fashion idea by Mrs. Dorothy Jamieson, also from Washington, who wears tiny red tulle circle with ribbon bow perched on side of her curly hair.

**MISS ELEANOR HINDER** and Mrs. Robert Hall, who are U.K. delegates, echo sentiments of other members when they tell me they find present and future work of UNRRA a really thrilling task.

**THIRTY** guests invited to dinner at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, to celebrate twenty-first birthday of ACW Heather Wilson, W.A.A.A.F. Heather is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wilson, "St. Peters," Tambar Springs, but as her parents are unable to come to Sydney for the party it is hostessed by her aunt, Mrs. V. Spencer, of Double Bay, who entertains the guests later at her flat in Manning Road.

**DELIGHTED** that they were able to get a suitable flat with a Harbor view at Greenwich, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bentley are now busy with furnishings. Before her marriage a fortnight ago Betty was only daughter of Wing-Commander and Mrs. E. A. Rushbrooke, of Newcastle.

**GREAT** rush by members of the Young Contingent of the Victoria League to open club for Royal Navy and Merchant Navy officers at 167 George Street, Circular Quay. Committee, headed by Ann Hill, Lois Graham, Suzanne Crouch, and Aura Jackson, now have programme in full swing. Rooms are open from noon till midnight, and there's dancing every night. Picnics are arranged, and sailing, swimming, golf, and tennis parties are available for the Navy men.

**BUSY** days at the Yugoslavian Relief Fund Offices, 641 George Street, for the committee, which completes packing twelve cases of clothing which have been given for shipment to Yugoslavia. "We hope to continue appeal," says Mrs. D. Covich, secretary of the Women's Committee of the Clothing Appeal.

**LETTERS** from England to Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Edwards, of Cowra, telling them of the marriage of their son, Pilot-Officer George Edwards, R.A.A.F., to Mabel Neal, of Leicester. Family has wonderful Service record for five sons and only daughter. Geoff is in A.I.P., Jack in R.A.A.P., Alan, after serving in Middle East, was killed at Kokoda. George has been with R.A.A.F. in England for several years, and Phillip is missing after R.A.A.F. raid over Germany. Only daughter, Eva, is in W.A.A.A.F. and at present posted in Melbourne.

**WEEK-END** trip to Sydney for Lorraine and Nancy Priddle, of "East Anglia," Forbes. Nancy is expecting a call-up for the W.R.A.N.S. very soon, so has tendered resignation from Forbes detachment of the V.A.'s, of which she has been an active member.

**RECEIVE** a call from Sergeant and Mrs. Bill Greener on their return from honeymoon at Portland. Joan, who is daughter of Mrs. W. Burke, is ACW in W.A.A.A.F. She leaves next day for Townsville, and Bill, who is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Greener, of West Ryde, and formerly of Inverell, returns to his A.I.F. unit in New Britain.

Pair, who had been engaged for three years, hadn't met during that time, till Bill arrived in Townsville on leave. Joan also got leave and flew to Sydney, where they were married the day after they arrived.

**COUNTRY** holiday at Blackheath for three weeks for Mr. and Mrs. Pat Mathews and their two children, Margaret and six-months-old Michael. Now back at their home in Dulwich Hill, Pat and Kathleen are preparing plans for the home they are waiting to build on the heights of Pennant Hills. "We intend to call the property 'Kooriekitra,' which in aboriginal means 'End of the Rain-bow,'" says Kathleen.



**BACK FROM ENGLAND.** Adele Romano, ballet dancer, tries on a Spanish shawl as she unpacks. With her mother, Mrs. Una Brown, she has returned to their station home, Blackdown, Bathurst. They were interned in Italy for several years after leaving France, where Adele had won an international prize for ballet in Paris.

**FIRST** baby for Mr. and Mrs. Ron Botfield, of Coolah (N.S.W.), is a daughter. Mother was formerly Gwen Leveridge, of Hartford, Gulgong, and she has just returned from hospital with the babe.

**WEDDING** at Blessed Sacrament Church, Clifton Gardens, for Patricia Lavery, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lavery, of Mosman, formerly of Wagga, to Warrant-Officer Michael Betar, A.I.F., third son of the late Mr. F. Betar and Mrs. Betar, of Summer Hill. Marie Tonkin, of Wagga, is only bridesmaid, and bridegroom's brother, Vincent, is best man.

**JUST** back from Toowoomba are Mrs. G. Thompson and daughter Elizabeth, of Marrickville, who have been staying with Mrs. Thompson's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Tully. They were present at twenty-first birthday party of Jean Tully, when her parents gave a dinner-party at their home, followed by a picture party.



**AT OFFICERS' CLUB.** Third-Officer Joyce Stott, W.R.A.N.S. (left), Third-Officer Joan Clifton, W.R.A.N.S., Miss M. Woodger, and Mrs. C. P. Johnson join for afternoon tea at the A.C.F. Women Officers' Club, which will be opened officially at 4 Elizabeth Bay Road by Lady Wakehurst on February 27.



**CEYLON WEDDING.** Lieutenant Pat Smith, of South-East Asia Command, with his bride, formerly Gladys Collins, of Terrigal (N.S.W.), after their wedding in Kandy. Next to the bride is Lieutenant-General Pownall, C-in-C, to Lord Louis Mountbatten. Best man is Major A. C. L. Boyne. The bride is a V.A. and has been working for three years with the Red Cross in Ceylon.



## Help needed in buying school clothes

IT should be made possible for mothers to purchase children's school clothing without having to go from one shop to another.

Arrangements could be made for tunics, hats, boys' suits, and all such articles of school wear to be distributed to parents through the schools. This system would also be much fairer, as the same price would be charged to all, while the materials used would be the best available.

Cl to M. Neale, Mary St., Cornwall Estate, Warwick, Qld.

## Voters should qualify

I AGREE with J. G. Sewell (3/2/45) that Members of Parliament should hold a degree in suitable subjects, but I think voters should also be required to pass a similar though less severe examination. The majority of us, men as well as women, are not really qualified to judge the issues at stake when we go to the polls.

5/- to Elizabeth E. Nicholls, 408 Toorak Rd., Melbourne.

## Prams on trams

ON arriving in Fremantle from Sydney, I was amazed to see prams hooked to the back and front of trams and buses. When I was preparing to board a tram with my baby, the elderly driver got out, hooked up my pram and helped me aboard.

Always I have met with the same courtesy here, but now I am about to return to Sydney I wonder how I will manage to get about with my heavy baby and pram.

5/- to Hilda Lovell, 13 Thomas St., South Fremantle, W.A.

## BOLDINI said:

"Thank you, Signorina!" and I thought his eyes wandered over her speculatively, taking in every detail of her dress. That night she had chosen to put on a dark material, altogether sombre and rather out of place for evening wear, though she had relieved the funeral effect by throwing over her shoulders a flowered silk shawl.

As she stood there was a hum of interest from all over the hall and many curious glances were cast in my direction. I felt snubbed, but no one apparently was greatly concerned at my humiliation. I was only the poor fiancée. Why worry about my feelings? In a moment all eyes were directed upon Eileen as Boldini said: "I would like these two peoples to come upon the stage."

This was going too far. I made a gesture of protest, but Eileen swept by me as if I did not exist. She dropped her shawl on her chair, and when, escorted by Hennessy, she walked up the steps her appearance did not by any means do her justice, and I could imagine Helen Speck and Mrs. Marven with their heads together pulling her to pieces in a way women have, commenting probably on her dress, for, as she mounted to the platform, her black dress mingled with the dark drapings so that there was produced an almost uncanny effect of a face floating in mid-air.

Hennessy had submitted to Boldini's injunction to cover himself with a long black cape which he wrapped about him in the manner of a stage Mephistopheles, so that he, too, became no more than a face, while the conjurer himself, who had adopted a similar attire, would have been ludicrous at any other time, for his face was fat and pasty-looking, and seemed to float through the air like a phantom pudding.

Boldini placed Eileen and Hennessy at opposite sides of the stage. Then he said:

"Signorina Mahoney! Signor Hennessy! Weel you promise to do what I tell you?" They nodded and he went on. "It is well. Soon

# What's on your mind?

## Children's footwear

I ENDORSE the remarks of E. J. Gawthorne (3/2/45) concerning the deplorable lack of footwear for children. This shortage forces children to wear shoes which are not the correct fitting, a harmful practice which may result in various troubles in later years.

Mothers should not be burdened with this unnecessary worry, when there seems to be no shortage of manpower for the manufacture of handbags and fanciful millinery.

5/- to L. M. Oliver, 42A Dimboola Rd., Horsham, Vic.

## Education discouraged

OUR present state of affairs does not encourage parents to leave their children at school till seventeen or eighteen, then send them to a University.

Children who leave school at fourteen and spend six months at a business college have had, at eighteen, some three years' experience, whereas their more educated colleagues are often rejected or forced to accept lower rates of salary for lack of it.

5/- to Janet Ellis, 37 Woodville Rd., Woodville, S.A.

## Mother goes without

THE Government should certainly issue married women with families some extra coupons for linen. Every time it is the mother who has to go without. I have one girl and three growing boys and it takes all of their own coupons and most of mine to keep them tidily dressed.

5/- to Mrs. D. Osborne, 14 Kenilworth Rd., Parkside, S.A.

## Wages for youths

PEOPLE on the land should be compelled to pay youths a man's wage if they do a man's work. As it is, they put these lads on to such work as ring-barking and cutting scrub for stock, for about one-third the wage they would have to pay a man.

5/- to C. Greer, Glenelg, Gwabegar, N.S.W.

## Helpful husbands

WHAT'S wrong with the mere male doing his own darning, and sewing on an odd button, to alleviate wartime pressure of work on the housewife? The men in the Services have to do it.

5/- to "Reformer," Warwick, Qld.



5/- to "Reformer," Warwick, Qld.

## More Australian films

ALMOST all the pictures screened each year in Australia are imported, and although these are very entertaining, some Australian films would be a welcome change. There is scenery in Australia equal to any in the world, and what better way of showing it could be had than through the medium of the camera?

5/- to Edith M. Watson, Post Office, Tottenham, N.S.W.

## Working for peace

HOW vain is the attempt to settle international disputes, while families quarrel, neighbors feud, and whole communities are at variance! Let us each resolve to rule our own spirit well, promoting peace in the home and in the community, and thus bringing our hope of better conditions nearer fulfillment.

5/- to Mrs. Stephen Byard, Mayberry, Mole Creek, Tas.

## Unjust to servicemen

WHY are police and tramwaymen and Members of Parliament allowed free travel on trams or trains while our fighting forces, who earn so much a week less, have to pay?

5/- to Miss R. Hill, 45 Probert St., Camperdown, N.S.W.

## Aboriginal names

ATTRACTIVE aboriginal names should invariably be chosen for towns, suburbs, roads, and streets in future. The importation of place-names is unnecessary when intriguing names, so essentially Australian, are ready to hand.

5/- to A. Vale, c/o 18 Murray St., Coburg, Vic.

## Bring travel within reach of all

CHEAP travel, and facilities for seeing other countries, should be features of the post-war "New Order."

It would be splendid if women could work out an exchange scheme whereby we entertain visitors from overseas free of cost or at a very low charge. They in return would offer us hospitality.

5/- to Mrs. Helen Ruff, 16a Ness Ave., Dalwich Hill, N.S.W.

## Women in Parliament

I LOOK forward with confidence to the not-so-far-distant future when Australian women will be holding high positions in the Government of their country. Women are mentally as strong as men.

5/- to M. Gunter, 34 Carlton Cres., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

## Spoils their charm

HOW often teen-age girls spoil their charm by affected speech, commonly called "putting on jam." It is sometimes used with such bad grammar that it is almost comical. Is it due to an inferiority complex?

5/- to C. Sharpe, 80 Lygon St., East Brunswick, Vic.

## Pensioners' payments

REPLYING to Miss M. Davis (3/2/45), who asked if old-age pensioners could be spared calling for their payments: For several years pensioners have been able to arrange to have crossed, non-negotiable cheques posted fortnightly to their address.

J. F. Collopy, Deputy Commissioner for Social Services, Melbourne.

## Continuing . . . Old Sinners Never Die

from page 5

we weel put thees lights out, and when he iss dark you must not spik. You must not move—above all, you must not move. In the audience, too, there must be the quiet absolute. No one must come in. No one must go out."

He looked toward the rear of the hall, and Constable Burke, leaning against the door, called out: "I will watch it, professor."

"Thank you," Boldini said. "And now, my friends, remember what I have said. No spik. No move. Please!" He glanced down to where young Barmby and Craven awaited their cue. "Please to put out the lights."

In a moment all was darkness. There was considerable shuffling, and a little giggling until Boldini roared: "Silence. You must be still."

At once the murmuring ceased. I fixed my eyes on the spot where I knew Eileen was standing, but could see only blackness. The whole stage, the whole hall had become as dark as pitch, and, suddenly, I was gripped by a premonition that something unusual was about to happen—that out of that black void something would emerge that would startle and confound me.

It was so still that I could hardly believe that every seat in that dark hall held a living being, sitting tense as I, each contributing to the atmosphere of awe Boldini was cunningly contriving.

I tried to shake off the feeling of nervousness and project my thoughts into other channels. It was the old idea, of course, of reading a ghost story in the dark. The dark bred fearfulness.

Deliberately I ceased to think of Boldini up there on the black stage doing heaven knows what; of Eileen trembling in the darkness. I thought instead of Boldini bent over a bowl, dribbling spaghetti—as a great, grotesque creature with a tiny kitchen apron spread about his prodigious middle. I told myself I would not be tricked.

But the feeling of uneasiness persisted and grew, and all at once I heard something. From the direc-

tion of the stage came the sound of stertorous breathing. Great gusts of breath appeared to be drawn in and slowly expelled as if some giant had fallen into abrupt and heavy sleep. The sound accentuated the stillness around me, and continued for some moments.

Then I heard a voice. It was Boldini's, of course, but it was muffled and appeared to come from a great distance, and the words came painfully as if each syllable cost an agony of effort.

"Lar-ry Wa-rd . . . Lar-ry Wa-rd." It was a meaning plea. "Your friends are here. They wait for you . . . Lar-ry Wa-rd." The name was drawn out in a wailing lament, and, as the notes died away, from somewhere far off I heard a voice echoing the words, a voice higher-pitched but in the same dolorous strain.

Again there was silence. Then, once more, the awful breathing went on until Boldini spoke from the blackness. His voice had acquired strength, and the words were uttered as a command. "Lar-ry Ward . . . Your friends are here. Listen . . . Tell him, Richard Hennessy, that you are waiting."

HENNESSY spoke, and his voice sounded startlingly close.

"I am waiting, Larry."

"And you, Eileen Mahoney. Tell him you also wait."

I heard Eileen from the other side of the stage. There was a catch in her voice as she said: "I am waiting, Larry—always."

Once more that deathly silence, and despite myself I shared the suspense and horrible expectancy of those silent people round me—all waiting for a sign from a man who was dead. Again the heavy breathing and again Boldini's voice, but this time louder, crying in an agony of appeal.

"Larry Ward, living or dead, we wait for you . . . wait for you . . . wait for you . . . Your friends are

here . . . Richard! . . . Eileen! . . . They wait a sign, Larry Ward."

The voice died away in a trailing moan. Someone near me drew in her breath with a slight, shuddering sound and I felt a hand clutch my arm and fingers dig into my flesh. And then I heard the notes of a mouth-organ—just a few notes, softly played but perfectly clear and distinct.

"Eileen . . . Alannah."

No one could mistake the air.

"Eileen . . . Asthore."

I heard them as something played with the greatest difficulty. Then, abruptly, the melody was interrupted by a high-pitched, hysterical laugh, and, for the life of me, I could not tell whence it came.

The music had gone, and, from the stage, a dull light shot over and past me. I craned my head and saw it writhe and twist, floating about the hall—a thing faintly glowing and moaning as it went, and I could have sworn it had a human face. But it was there no more than an instant before it shot back and dissolved in the inky blackness that enveloped the platform.

It did not reappear, but there came a short, sharp sound as if some small object had been dropped from a height, and a voice higher and clearer than Boldini's cried piercingly: "Eileen . . . wait . . . wait!"

The next moment I heard a terrible groan, followed by a heavy thud, and Hennessy was shouting for lights.

They were lit at last, though the fingers of old Craven and Joe Barmby must have trembled, for they took long over their job. Hennessy and the young person who helped the conjurer were bending over the prostrate form of Boldini.

I saw this in one swift glance, but my eyes were on Eileen. She was standing where Boldini had placed her, gazing downward and pointing with a kind of awed fascination at something lying in the centre of the stage.

Then her feet seemed to be giving under her. She began to sway and Garnet Price leapt from his chair and was up the steps three at a time. He caught her as she fell.

THE schoolmaster turned at the same moment and saw what she had been staring at. He took two rapid steps forward and, stooping, picked the thing from the floor.

It was a mouth-organ, and, as he held it up for us to see, water dripped from it on to the stage.

I rushed forward up the steps, but by the time I forced my way on to the stage they had taken Eileen to one of the little dressing-rooms, where a number of women were fussing about her. They let me see quite plainly that I was not wanted, and it left me with a feeling of helplessness. Someone offered to drive her home, and in a little while she was assisted through the rear exit. Again the women were all about her and I was ruthlessly shouldered out of the way as if I could be of no assistance and was of no consequence.

I found Hennessy at my side. "Better leave her alone," he advised. "You can do nothing just now."

There was no sign of Boldini. I heard the caretaker urging people to leave the hall, but they clustered in small, excited groups, ignoring him. I saw Price and Helen, her arm in his, and Mrs. Marven and Teacher, the bank clerk, moving toward the door. None of them looked at me, and, by and by, Hennessy said "Good night."

I felt frustrated as I walked home alone. When I reached the hotel Boldini was in the commercial room surrounded by a little crowd. They were holding glasses in their hands and fell silent as I passed, though all turned their eyes my way. No one invited me to join the party and I continued my way up to bed. When I reached my room I lit the candle and stood thinking, the lighted match dying in my hand.

It had all been hocus-pocus, of course. Some trick of Boldini's. And yet? Anyway, there was significance in the mouth-organ dripping water. Surely it argued that Larry had been drowned. Ward was dead, and it was like this mountebank's impertinence to drag him from his watery grave after Eileen had begun to forget the fellow.

Please turn to page 27



# As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

**T**HIS is rather an important period, for the sun has just moved into Pisces. Therefore, better weeks are promised for most Scorpions, Cancerians, Pisceans, Capricornians, and Taurians, but more difficult weeks for many Virgians, Geminians, and Sagittarians.

Aquarians, Geminians, and Librans will not fare so well as recently, but Leonians, Scorpions and Taurians should have less troublous times than for some weeks past.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): February 22 (sunrise to noon), 23 (midday and late evening), and 24 (after dusk) all rather poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Slight improvement in your affairs now, but avoid rashness, especially on February 24, 25, 26, February 27 (round forenoon and dusk) good; otherwise difficult.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Be cautious. Recent opportunities can now be spelt by indecision. Routine work best now, especially on February 21 and 27. February 20, tricky.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Speed up important and urgent projects; seek progress, gains, and favours. February 20 (forenoon) very fair. February 22 (after midday) good. February 23 (mid-evening), good; noon and mid-night poor. February 27 very mixed.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 23): Relief now comes from most difficulties, but avoid over-confidence. February 20 (to 10 a.m.), 24, and 25 just fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 24): Beware pitfalls, losses, partings, discord, and adverse changes now, especially on February 20, 21, 22 (early), 24 (late), and 27. Live quietly.

**LIBRA** (September 25 to October 25): Unpleasant days now, so keep to routine tasks. Yet February 20 (forenoon and midnight) can be fortunate.

**SCORPIO** (October 26 to November 23): Keep busy. Seek promotions, gains, changes, and favours. February 20 (to 10 a.m. and near midnight) helpful; February 22 (afternoon) fair; balance tricky. February 23 (noon and after 10 p.m.) poor; balance helpful. February 27 mixed.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 24 to December 23): Be guarded now; difficulties predominate. Avoid discord, lateness, and tactlessness, especially on February 20 (after noon), 21, 22 (early), 23, 24 (late), and 27 (early).

**CAPRICORN** (December 24 to January 20): Uneventful days for most Capricornians, yet February 27 (round forenoon and dusk hours only) can be helpful.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Consolidate recent gains now, but avoid rashness, new projects and important changes. February 20 (to 10 a.m. and at midnight) can be excellent, but otherwise poor. February 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, and 27 all unhelpful.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 21): Plan important projects and changes. February 20, 21, 22 (early), 24 (late), and 27 difficult, but February 23 (except noon and after 10 p.m.) good. Plan ahead.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Those are the men I turned down."







JACK OTTENSSEN, member of an air-raid rescue squad in London, who took his brother's song about Mr. Churchill's cigar to Downing Street to obtain permission to use Mr. Churchill's name.



MR. CHURCHILL, with his inevitable cigar which inspired a song-hit written by an Australian.

## Churchill's famous cigar inspires song-hit

Australian Army private wrote tune London is whistling

Best wedding gift received by Private Frank Ottenson and his bride on their wedding day in Melbourne last month was news from London of the success of his song about Mr. Churchill's cigar.

This made an immediate hit with bomb-weary British people when they heard Jack Hilton's famous band play it. It was then featured in a London pantomime and is rapidly becoming a tune people whistle.

PRIVATE OTTENSSEN, now storeman at an Army depot but formerly musician, busker, and lightning-sketch artist, has written many songs and had four published. But this one is his first big success.

He called it "British People's Torch of Liberty," and to the lifting tune the theme is:

"A heave on the road to victory,  
The British people's torch of liberty,  
Mr. Churchill's cigar,  
Our guiding star."

"I got the idea to write the song one afternoon when I was at my job at an Army stores depot, loading up brooms and buckets," said Private Ottenson, who is a big, cheerful Australian.

"One of the men said, 'It's a wonder no one has ever written a song about Mr. Churchill's cigar.'"

"I said no one could write a song about that."

"But back at my job the words 'Mr. Churchill's cigar' kept going through my mind, and at last words and music formed themselves in my head."

Private Ottenson put the song on an airgraph form and sent it off to London to his brother Jack, who is with an air-raid rescue squad there.

Jack Ottenson took the song to 10 Downing Street to obtain permission to use Mr. Churchill's name, and then he took it to a well-known publisher, who accepted it.

### Song for bride

ON the day the good news came from London he married Lily Wilkins, of South Melbourne, who had been his sweetheart for seven years.

He composed a very special wedding gift for her, a song dedicated to her and called "My Heaven on the Hill."

He gets ideas for songs anywhere. A news item might suggest a theme.

"I am likely to start composing anywhere—in a tram, a train, or in the street," he said.

"When the melody comes to me I

set it down, then take it to the piano and knock it into shape."

Many of his songs have patriotic themes.

"Drop a Line to the Boys Over There" was inspired by a nurse saying to him, 'Drop a line to the boys over there, they're waiting for letters from home.'"

Private Ottenson's musical talent comes from his maternal grandfather, no mean violinist, who came out to the goldfields at Daylesford in the early days. He played his

violin to the miners and composed songs for them.

The private's ambition has always been to write songs. His first song was composed at school when he was 16.

After a few years of playing the violin in a dance band, he saved enough to set off with his brother Jack for London, where "we hoped to crash into song writing," he said.

He had three songs published, and then the talkies came and put song-writers out of business.

Nothing daunted Frank.

He got off round England with his violin to earn a living. He did busking to queues sometimes, but mostly he played in some quiet street.

"Things were pretty tough, but something always turned up," he said with a grin.

"One day when I had nothing to eat I found a parcel of hot buttered toast on a seat."

"Another day I needed 11/- for my rent, and a woman came along as I played 'Danny Boy' and gave me a shilling. Then she suddenly took out a 10/- note and gave it to me and said, 'You look as if you need money. I would rather give it to someone who needs it than into a fund.'"

Finally Frank established rounds and easily made a living.

## Bailing out is grim—but has its lighter side

An emergency parachute jump is probably the most serious moment of a man's life. The record of it (in an official Air Force form) is often full of humor.

Sometimes the humor is conscious, more often unconscious, and when an airman re-reads his form later on he usually roars with laughter.

THE information is useful to the Air Force and to the manufacturers of parachutes. It tells the weather, altitude at the time, general circumstances, method of abandoning the aircraft, difficulties, sensations during descent, nature of the ground, and asks for special comments.

Mr. G. N. Mills, manager of Light Aircraft Pty., Ltd., manufacturers of Dominion Parachutes, has one of these forms framed on his wall.

It is that of Wireless Operator G. E. Matley, whose descent from a Fairey Battle at 300 feet is one of the lowest jumps on record.

Alongside the query "Difficulties during descent" Matley wrote: "Descent too short to notice difficulties."

While the query about "Sensations" reveals an interesting study of an airman's reactions to his first jump—for instance, many have stated that they seemed to be falling upward instead of down—it also yields the richest field of humor.

One lad, after a 1200ft. drop, wrote alongside "Sensations":

"I must confess I had a definite feeling of suspense while drifting down. Anxious to get down."

In answer to "Landing (nature of ground)" he put feelingly: "Hard."

Other "Sensations" include "One of rapid deceleration" and "Floating," while one cheerful lad found his 1700ft. drop "Rather quiet, but enjoyable."

The final query on the form, inviting "Any comments by person making descent," is often interpreted by the lads to mean "Any comments made by the person WHILE making descent."

One 600ft. dropper, who evidently regarded this query as superfluous,

wrote reprimandingly: "Really, there was no time to make any comments."

Another who had filled in his form very well and felt rather badly about letting the whole show down on this stumper, wrote: "I'm afraid the descent was not of long enough duration to comment."

However, it usually brings forth the succinct reply: "Yes, but unprintable."

"Landing (nature of ground)" can be jungle, sea, wheat paddock, gum tree, or vineyard, but one airman said "Damp."

One form which caused the greatest amusement to its writer afterwards concerned his accidental fall out of a plane and the ultimate comment by his Commanding Officer. It ran thus:

Method of abandoning aircraft: Fell out while inverted. Exit of plane used: Fell straight out. Sensations: One of falling. Landing (nature of ground): Fell down hard.

### Typical record of descent

THESE are some of the questions and answers on a typical form filled in by an airman after bailing out:

Nature of Flight . . . . .	Ferry flight.
Weather . . . . .	Bad.
Altitude . . . . .	1200.
General circumstances . . . . .	Aircraft on fire. Parachute slightly burnt.
Action prior to jumping . . . . .	Sent distress signals.
Method of abandoning aircraft . . . . .	Dived head first.
Difficulties in leaving aircraft . . . . .	Harness caught in door.
Sensations during descent . . . . .	Lovely. You beaut.
Landing (Nature of Ground) . . . . .	In sea.
Any special comments by person making descent . . . . .	Released chute 10 feet from water. When I rose to surface, chute was free.



AIRMAN who bailed out parachuted into a tree and had to be rescued from there.

In the space on the bottom of the form reserved for comments by Commanding Officer was written:

"F/Sgt. did everything that was expected of him. No further comment appears to be necessary."

Airmen who bail out using Dominion Parachutes become members of the Roo Club. The firm sends them a gold pin and inscribed plaque.

If possible, a presentation is arranged during the airman's leave. He is invited to inspect the factory.

"The presentations are a moving experience for both airmen and factory workers," said Mr. Mills.

Associate members of the club are the men and women stationed at R.A.A.F. stations who have packed 'chutes used in emergency jumps.

When five airmen bailed out at 1700ft. over heavily timbered country in Casterton, Victoria, during night navigation exercises, three of the 'chutes were packed by ACW L. J. Dolan and two by ACW V. Lucas.



# R.A.A.F. Sisters in New Guinea forward area

**O**FF-DUTY and on-duty hours of a group of R.A.A.F. nursing sisters at an R.A.A.F. Medical Receiving Station in a forward area of New Guinea are illustrated in the pictures on this page.

Drawn from all States of the Commonwealth, the sisters, with their good nursing, good humor, and sympathetic understanding, are playing an important part in speeding the recovery of sick and wounded boys.



**SISTER E. M. BEGG**, like most sisters, sunbakes or swims when she is off duty at the station. They also work in own gardens.



**"WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE?"** grins R.A.A.F. patient to charming Sister M. Rodda, as she arranges pillows on his bed under palms, at the forward receiving station.



**AFTER DUTY** Sister B. Furey, of Newcastle, and Sister M. Witcombe, of Sydney, walk down to the beach for a swim.



**FIVE EX-PATIENTS** organise impromptu swim for one of the unsuspecting nurses.



**ON A JETTY**, five of the sisters chat in the sun after enjoyable hour in the water.



**RELAXING IN MESS.** Left to right: Sisters M. Rodda, G. J. McNamara, M. Witcombe, B. Furey, Matron T. V. Franklin, Senior Sister E. R. Doherty, and Sister E. M. Begg.

—Department of Air photos.





A miracle radio that will be as easy to carry as a girl's handbag.

# Coming!

## A MIRACLE RADIO

that will be as easy to carry  
as a girl's handbag



Get race results at the tennis club.



Enjoy radio serials at the wash-tub.

### When is this miracle radio coming?

It can be manufactured as soon as we have all the walkie-talkie radios we need for Japan's K.O.

### Will all manufacturers make them?

All manufacturers will be able to make them. But all sets will depend on Eveready's wonderful little "Mini-Max" battery to provide all that power in such a tiny space.

### What have walkie-talkie sets got to do with it?

The Eveready "Mini-Max" battery helped to make the walkie-talkie possible. A tiny battery packing a wallop of power.

### What does "Mini-Max" mean?

"Mini-Max" stands for Minimum space — Maximum power.

**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK  
**RADIO  
BATTERIES**





# Domestic serial has new angle

A new domestic serial treated from an interesting psychological angle is "Ernest and Margaret," heard from Station 2GB every Monday to Thursday at 1.30 p.m.

It is written and acted by two outstanding young radio personalities, Terence Crisp and Joyce Turner.

**B**OTh of these young people are keen students of psychology, and they have applied their knowledge to the production of a radio serial which should have instant appeal to all listeners.

Story of "Ernest and Margaret" is the story of any young married couple.

They are two charming, intelligent people, very much in love with one another, and regarded by friends as an ideal couple. Yet stormy quarrels and upsets threaten their happiness.

As with most married couples, their quarrels and upsets have their origin not in big issues, but in small, insignificant things such as thoughtless remarks and careless actions.

To emphasise this, the playwrights have added an epilogue to each episode explaining how Ernest and Margaret, and any other young-marrieds could avoid marital pitfalls by the use of psychology.

Terence Crisp is best known as a talented and experienced producer. He started his career as a lawyer, but later left it for the theatre.

Soon he was handling as many productions and as much radio work as he could.

## Mother of two

**JOYCE TURNER**, well known for her work in a variety of plays, is in real life the mother of two boys aged seven and five.

She began her acting career by playing juvenile leads at the old Tivoli Theatre with French actress Alice Delysia.

Many radio actresses confess to a desire to write their own scripts, but few actually get down to the job, and fewer still ever contrive to make a success of both acting and play-writing.

Joyce Turner is a notable exception.

She has also appeared on the screen, partnering George Wallace in the Eftée film "A Ticket in Tattler."

She made her first radio appearance in a production by Terence Crisp.

Now in "Ernest and Margaret," his first radio script, Crisp makes his debut as a radio writer in collaboration with Joyce Turner.

Together they do a fine job, striking a new note in the much-exploited domestic serial.

Listeners will enjoy following the lives of Ernest and Margaret, and will certainly learn something about avoiding those "liffs" which tend to mar so many married lives.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION, FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 21: Reg. Ed.

THURSDAY, Feb. 22: (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, Feb. 23: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, Feb. 24: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Quiz Competition, 'Melody Fourmen'."

SUNDAY, Feb. 25 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, Feb. 26: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."

TUESDAY, Feb. 27: "What's On the Menu."



## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "FANNY"—enchanting frock in floral tonings

This frock comes in floral mixtures of rayon mixture in the most delicate tonings: cyclamen on light blue background, blue on orchid-green background, pinks and gold on light grey background, and cyclamen and gold on light turquoise background. The neckline is the new "U" shape—so flattering—outlined with dainty self-frilling, buttoned at front. Shoulders are well extended, sleeves short, waistline sports a stiffening band from which falls a fully gathered skirt. Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 49/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 49/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/10th. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 43/4 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 46/3 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/10th.

### "EVA"—smart frock in summer linene

You'll like this frock. It's made from linene, a material much like linen and of excellent wearing ability. It comes in glory-pole, lace-pink, apple-green, light sage-blue, dusty-pink, and amethyst-blue. Yoke is made of a self-frill which crosses the shoulders and extends down sleeves, so lending a broad width to shoulder and narrowness to hips. Waist is trimmed with a self-frill, skirt is slightly flared and gored. Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 47/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 52/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/10th. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 42/11 (12 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 46/3 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/10th.

**N.B.**—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "FANNY" and "EVA": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons and send to Box 2408, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements. You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "FANNY" and "EVA," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.



### No. 566.—DAINTY FROCK IN SUMMER FLORAL COTTON

Comes to you ready to cut and sew. Pattern is traced clearly on sweetest cotton material, with white background, floral tonings of pinks and blues. Neckline is high and square and outlined by a small shoulder-yoke of self material—not plain as shown in sketch. Sleeves are short and puffed and skirt fully gathered on to natural waistline. Twin pockets trim skirt and back is tied with large self-tie bow. Size, 4 to 6 years, 10/6 (6 coupons); size 6 to 8 years, 11/3 (6 coupons). Postage, 9d. extra.

### No. 567.—SNAPPY SUIT IN CESARINE

This well-designed suit is made from that well-known fabric, Cesarine, in shades of blue, lemon, or green, and is ready to cut out and sew at home. Small turnback collar, shaped shoulder yoke, short sleeves, and tailored trousers with belted waist, give a cool and neat appearance.

Size 1 to 2 years, 6/8 (6 coupons); size 2 to 4 years, 7/6 (6 coupons); size 4 to 6 years, 8/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 9d. extra.

## Fashion PATTERNS

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State, as under:  
Box 122A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 469F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 408KW, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 165C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 408KW, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

**F3439.**—Here's a lovely house-gown for mornings or comfy evening wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/11.

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page. \* No C.O.D. orders accepted.



**F2356.**—Fetching sun frock for smart people. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide, and 1 1/2 yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

**F2356**

**F7265.**—Sweetest apron you've ever set eyes upon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



**F2345.**—Smartly styled shorts and blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. for shorts, 3yds., 36in. wide for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

**F2345**







Squadron Leader John Sandford, D.S.O., D.F.C., "Lynx Eye" to his comrades. He is one of the Empire's outstanding Beaufighter pilots. Won his D.F.C. at the Bismarck Sea Battle and his D.S.O. in New Guinea. At the time of his D.F.C. award, Sandford's score of barges destroyed was 103.

**"The admiration our pilots have for the W.A.A.A.F. is based on a flying man's appreciation of a job well done..."**

*says Squadron Leader John Sandford, D.S.O., D.F.C.*

"I've every admiration for the girls of the W.A.A.A.F. They're fine. I've seen them at their work—all kinds of jobs from servicing the 'planes to meteorology, from map-plotting to operating radio equipment. I admire their quiet efficiency, their smartness, their keen sense of duty. The Air Force is proud of them. We can't have too many such girls to help us with the big job ahead."

The "big job ahead" that Squadron Leader Sandford refers to is already looming. It calls for a still stronger R.A.A.F. Thousands more girls are needed for the W.A.A.A.F. to help the R.A.A.F. to play its important role in the final stages of the war in the Pacific. The Air

Force needs you. It has a job for you to do—and there are many jobs out of which you can choose the one you'd like best. We are now pledged to work for the speedy liberation of our 8th Division, to settle our account with the merciless Jap. In this great task every Australian girl will want to help. Surely this means more to you than any other interest. Surely you want to help. Then here is your chance—to be as much a member of the Air Force as the gallant men who man the 'planes. Join the W.A.A.A.F. and serve your country among girls whose life is interesting, useful and happy. The Air Force needs you!



"I'm a cypher assistant. My job in the W.A.A.A.F. is vital, interesting—I love it!"



"I love the work in the W.A.A.A.F. and I'm saving regularly for after the war."



"Since I joined the W.A.A.A.F. I've seen Australia."

**SERVE WITH THE AIR FORCE . . . Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force**

You may obtain full particulars from your local R.A.A.F. Recruiting Committee, or from the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre in any capital city.



THERE was no knowing what effect this evening of hysteria might have upon my fiancée. I had been powerless to prevent her making a public exhibition of herself, humiliated by Price going to her assistance before I could reach her, excluded from her society, and treated as if I were a social leper. I felt unutterably disgusted with everyone and everything.

I remember I kicked the iron bed-post.

While dressing in the morning I recollected that, toward the end of his seance, Boldini had spoken good English. I smiled grimly to myself as I went to my chest of drawers and dug out an old bilingual text book that had been loaned me in my college days. I had played with the idea of studying languages at one time, and, somehow, the little book had stuck by me.

I turned over the pages—English one side, Italian the other—looking for a suitable passage. Then I went downstairs, and, in the deserted commercial room, copied it out carefully. This is what I wrote:

"Ma inultimente. Per tre giorni si prolunga il lavoro; senonche l'acqua, scambio di scemare, aumentava. Tutti intendevano che quello non era più un mezzo di saivezza, ma solo un prolungamento di agonia."

I glanced at the translation of the Italian words:

"But it was vain. For three days they toiled continuously; nevertheless, the water increased instead of diminishing, and they all began to see that this was no means of salvation, but only a prolongation of agony."

I smiled again as I closed the book on the innocuous passage. Putting the translation in my pocket, I ran upstairs and stowed away the text-book. I went down to breakfast in a mood of happy anticipation.

Helen Speck was sitting with Mrs. Marvin and next to Garnet Price. It seemed that these two were throwing discretion to the winds. I thought Helen looked pale, and a little distraught, but Price was hearty enough in all conscience, joking vulgarly with Rosie as she waited table and in the presence of the other women.

The bank clerk person was there early as usual, determined to get as much as he could for his board money, and Boldini came down when we were half-way through the meal during which, by common consent, we avoided discussion of the events of the previous night. Price, as a matter of fact, pointedly ignored me, and Mrs. Marvin and the bank clerk did most of the talking.

I finished my breakfast, and, excusing myself, crossed to Boldini who was waiting for his ham and eggs.

"I wonder, Signor, whether you would do me a little favor."

"Why, by all means," he replied. "If it is possible."

I took the few lines of Italian from my pocket. "I have been reading a novel," I said, "and these few words in your language were interpolated, but without translation." I held out the piece of paper and continued, "I should be greatly obliged if you could tell me what they mean."

He hesitated, but for an instant only. Then he put out his hand and took the paper from me. He looked at me shrewdly as he did so, and then began to study the words I had copied. There was silence in the room, and everyone's eyes were on Boldini. Price wore a sardonic grin.

Boldini suddenly looked up and said sternly: "What is this? You want I should read these? You tapped the paper with his fingers. 'Yes,' I said, 'if you can, please.'"

He frowned at the paper.

"But, surely, signor—? No. I cannot. Not before the ladies, signor." He looked up at me. "What book is this you have been reading?" He tapped the paper again. "It is most indecent. No, signor, not now. Some time we are alone prapa—but, please, excusa before the ladies."

He thrust the thing into my hands, leaving me thunderstruck at his implication. I couldn't speak. The blood rushed to my face. Mrs. Marvin looked at me in astonishment, and then quickly dropped her

## Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 20

eyes. I glanced appealingly at Helen, but she turned her head away, and the fool of a bank clerk sat staring with his mouth agape. Boldini was busy thanking Rosie for bringing him ham and eggs as I flung furiously out of the room, Price's laugh ringing in my ears.

Doctor Hansen was an early caller at the post office. Through the delivery window I saw him drive up in his ancient buggy, and watched him climb out slowly. He came into the main office, and smiled a pleasant good morning.

"I've just come from Mahoney's place," he said, as he took his mail. "Thought I'd call and tell you, Ford, that girl of yours is all right after last night. Not wise for quiet people like her to indulge in that sort of excitement, though. Still, no harm done. Had a look at her after I saw her father, poor fellow."

He was preparing to go, and I was thinking to myself that he and Hennessy were the only two men in the town who didn't set my nerves on edge, though even Hennessy had caused me a little anxiety over his miserable dog, when he paused and came back.

"Bless my soul," he exclaimed. "Nearly forgot, I'm getting absent-minded in my old age. Eileen gave

### Animal Antics



"Now, tell me about the time Grandpaw got mixed up in that Red Riding Hood case."

me a letter for you." He fished it out of his pocket.

"You ought to take a spell, doctor," I suggested as I took it.

"Spell?" he said. "Fraid not, my boy. Too much to do. No rest for the wicked." His eyes twinkled mischievously, and he added, seriously: "All the same, Ford, I think it might be a good thing for my patients if I had a long rest."

He went out, and I turned to Eileen's letter. An explanation, I supposed, of her reason for leaving me high and dry the previous evening; some sort of apology, perhaps. I opened the envelope. The message was scribbled in pencil, and it was no apology.

As I read I recalled that other pencilled letter of Eileen's. There was the same evidence of haste so different from the dignified letter she had written me from the city after my proposal of marriage. "I'm sorry I had to faint like that . . . rushed away . . . couldn't thank you . . ."

The scribble went on: "I am so upset, but I know now, Mr. Ford, that after last night I cannot continue with our engagement. I know that . . . and, then, at the very end of the page as if to mock me the same words she had written in her letter to Larry: 'The man I am going to marry is . . .'" I turned the page and read: "Larry Ward, for I do still believe he is alive. I feel somehow that there's been some dreadful mistake."

Then there was something about not wishing to hurt me, "but I want you to know at once, and am sending back your ring—"

It had fallen on the floor, and I let it lie there. My eyes filled

with tears of rage and disappointment. After all I had done I was to be flung aside, made the laughing stock of the town, jilted by a penniless country wench. It was unbearable.

I looked up to see the Ringer creature grinning at me through the letter delivery window. I strode forward angrily, and banged down the wooden shutter, and I heard her utter an exclamation of pain. I think it got her finger. I hoped it had. I wanted to hurt something.

I don't know how I coped with my official work during the next hour. There was a dull ache inside me. I talked to myself, seeking satisfaction in reviling myself, calling myself a fool for wasting my time on such a girl, spending money on her. I thought bitterly of the generous marriage settlement. I had been prepared to give her a thousand pounds, a thousand pounds of my own money.

Didn't she realise that? Didn't she know how hard it was to get such a sum? Didn't she realise what she was throwing away?

I cursed Boldini for bringing this thing about. Going about the country ruining people's lives with this accursed hocus-pocus. Imposing on the credulous with his chicanery, wrecking careers for the sake of the wretched florins paid into his filthy ticket-box. An Italian! A foreigner among decent English people. An Italian, forsooth, who couldn't speak his own language. An impostor! There should be a prison for his kind.

I recalled his hateful moustaches, his impertinence at the breakfast table. It was intolerable. It couldn't, it shouldn't be countenanced. I picked Eileen's ring from the floor and locked it away carefully in the safe and ran out of the office.

The post-office should have remained open for business at that hour, but I didn't care. I'd given the Government good service—years and years of it. It could afford to allow me a moment to settle my own affairs.

I WAS afraid Boldini might leave the town before I could wring from him a confession that his seance had been a cruel and deliberate fraud. Remembering the generous financial arrangement I had made for Eileen, despite the fact that we could expect nothing from the penniless Mahoney, it seemed to me incredible that she would willingly give me up.

It was her father's wish that she and I should marry. She had promised him as he lay dying. All I had to do was to erase from her mind the memory of that absurd seance, and, therefore, it was necessary, without delay, to compel Boldini to admit that it was a fake and that he knew nothing of Ward, dead or alive, other than what information he had picked up since he arrived in the town, or gathered from Peter Gallagher's loose gossip as he drove him from Baloola.

There was no one in the hall except Craven, the caretaker, who was cleaning up, but I heard laughter and ascended the steps and crossed the stage, locating the sound in a shed at the rear. Through a window I saw the four Barnby kids and Polly Garner's brat seated about a deal table at the end of which Boldini stood in front of a huge cake with pink and white icing and innumerable candles.

As I watched he blew out his cheeks and gave a mighty puff and the candles were extinguished at once. He darted forward with an exclamation and snatched a bunch of flowers from the smoking wicks and divided them into five portions, presenting one to each child. The Garner youngsters roared with delight, while the Barnbys' mouths fell open till they looked absurdly like a row of dead fish.

I saw Helen Speck and Mrs. Marvin move into the picture and Boldini pick up a long-knife and commence to cut the cake. But I was in no mood for further delay, and, walking to the door, strode in on them, Eileen's letter in my hand.

Please turn to page 28

## WORTH Reporting

HOPES that the war in Europe will end soon bring hopes, too, of demobilisation for thousands of British servicemen, although the war with Japan makes only partial demobilisation possible.

"Union Jack," the 8th Army's daily paper in Italy, prints a full-page chart headed "Show me the way to go home," from which servicemen may work out when they can expect to be demobbed.

The chart is based on age and length of service. As an example: Nobby Clark, born 1906, joined the Army for full-time service on September 10, 1942, and is still serving. The chart shows that he will be demobilised in Group Number 31.

An Australian Army official says it is not yet possible to draw up a similar chart here.

### What's in a name?

HARASSED librarian to difficult subscriber: "Have you read 'Put Out the Light,' by Vercoe, madam? He's a French author."

Subscriber: "I certainly haven't—I don't go in for that kind of thing—and anyhow I'd be ashamed to be seen reading a book with that title."

Librarian: "But, madam, it's a translation of the war story, 'Le Silence de la Mer,' and the English title's part of a Shakespearean quotation."

Subscriber: "Shakespeare's no excuse, and I still don't want it."

SEEN at King's Cross, Sydney, two Royal Marines, handsome and young, both wearing red roses in their black berets.

### Kindness to animals

AFTER the R.A.A.F. had closed their roads and smashed their vehicles by continual strafing raids, the Japs in Timor and the islands north of Australia used pony trains to carry supplies to inland bases.

R.A.A.F. crews, under orders to prevent all supplies getting through, couldn't bear to shoot the ponies. Instead, they "buzzed" the pony trains, flying low, with throttles well forward. The ponies promptly went "quash"—taking their packs with them.

### Why not?

THEY'RE telling this one:

Adam and Eve were naming the animals of the earth, when along came a rhinoceros.

"What aill we call this one?" asked Adam.

"Let's call it a rhinoceros."

"But why a rhinoceros?"

"Well, because it looks more like a rhinoceros than anything we've named yet."

### Not polygamy!

LADY NORRIE, wife of South Australia's new Governor, told this story in her first public speech in Adelaide:—

Preparations for her visit to a Crippled Children's camp intrigued one of the small boys, who wanted to know what was happening.

"Lady Norrie is coming to see us," he was told.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"The Governor's wife," he was told. "You remember, Lady Muriel came to visit us last year." (Lady Muriel Barclay Harvey was her predecessor.)

"Well," said the small boy thoughtfully. "How many wives has the Governor got?"

### These little things

It's curious  
How furious  
Some people get when jostled  
in queues;

While mild  
Types get cold  
At those who hold different  
political views.

Others abhor  
Those who snore,  
Or visitors who don't talk, but  
just sit;

But when I could kill 'em  
is when they say of a film,  
"It won't spoil it if I tell you  
just this little bit."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

### What goes up—

THERE was a real Texas gale on when a boy came floating into camp near the Davis Mountains. He was rather badly bruised, but didn't get much sympathy.

One of the officers said, "What do you mean by coming down in a parachute with this hundred-mile wind blowing? It's a wonder you weren't killed."

When the private had pulled himself together enough to speak he replied weakly, "I'd like to explain, sir. I didn't come down in a parachute. I went up in a tent."

### Grateful

TAMARA TOUMANOVA, one of U.S. leading dancers in the ballet company which visited Australia in 1939, has been making films in Hollywood. Now she and Anton Dolin are dancing together in a Broadway musical.

For years past Dolin has been a constant dancing partner of Alicia Markova, an English ballerina who is particularly slight and light.

Fragment of reported conversation:

Markova (to Dolin): "Don't you find her just a little scrawny?"

Dolin: "On the contrary, it's the first time in years I've had anything to hold on to."

AN American Army dog, Chips, stormed a pillbox, helped to capture four Nazis—and then bit General Eisenhower.

### Nearly right

JAPANESE-CONTROLLED Radio Saigon announced: "The Duke of Gloucester has arrived in Australia to become Governor-General. He was accompanied by his wife and two daughters."

### Leg-show

SINCE time immemorial, sailors aboard Royal Navy vessels have been awakened by the "Rise and Shine" call, which includes the words: "All hands! All hands! Heave Ho! Heave Ho! Lash up and stow; lash up and stow. Wakey, wakey, rise and shine; the morning's fine. Show a leg. Show a leg. Make a move."

Lieutenant Commander M. Gibbs, R.N.R., at present stationed in Australia, told us the "Show a Leg" dates from the time when sailors took their wives to sea.

If a male leg appeared over the hammock the owner was ordered to get up, but a feminine ankle was allowed to rest in peace.

By the way, call boys shouted the "Rise and Shine" in early days, but now the bosun chants or shouts it over a loud-speaker.



"She only married him because he doesn't work on Saturday mornings."



# Film Reviews

## ★★ ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

IT is a pity this hilarious comedy-murder-thriller is such familiar fare now, although, with the expert handling of producer-director Frank Capra, it is still riotous entertainment.

The story revolves round a couple of sweet but frankly crazy spinster sisters, who are so sorry to see old men alone and unhappy they treat them to a glass of elderberry wine, lavishly seasoned with arsenic.

Their nephew has a hectic time trying to thwart the old ladies, and Cary Grant gives a vigorous and convincing interpretation of this very difficult role.

Outstanding members of the cast are Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, from the original Broadway cast. This lovable pair provide both the old lace and the arsenic. Another member from the stage production is John Alexander—the harmlessly insane member of the family.

The supporting cast is of the highest standard. Particularly noteworthy are the performances of Raymond Massey, who dons Kari-off-like make-up to portray the maniacal brother, and Peter Lorre, as the phony doctor.

Priscilla Lane does well as Grant's harassed bride.—Regent; showing.

## ★★ SENSATIONS OF 1945

A LIST of top-ranking stars, some excellent variety acts, and a light but surprisingly entertaining story add up to attractive escapism fare.

Much of the credit must go to producer-director Andrew Stone, who had the difficult job of blending such a versatile series of turns into a smoothly running musical.

The story presents Eleanor Powell as a dancer turned publicity agent, who, with the help of Eugene Pallette, figures out a series of crazy stunts, ranging from a tight-rope walk across Devil's Gorge to a jitterbug contest in Times Square.

Outstanding in the variety acts are the dancing of David Lichine; Dorothy Donagan's boogie-woogie technique at the piano; W. C. Field's imitable foolery; two grand numbers from Sophie Tucker; and some fine music from the bands of Woody Herman and Cab Calloway.—Empire; showing.

## ★★ CHANGE OF HEART

REPUBLIC'S entertaining musical blends four attractive stars, a wealth of variety talent, and three top-ranking bands: conducted by Freddy Martin, Count Basie, and Ray McKinley, into a light-hearted show.

John Carroll does nicely as the good-looking but thieving songwriter hero, and Susan Hayward as the talented young composer provides a pleasant foil.

Gail Patrick makes an obvious but effective ziren, and Eve Arden's brittle handling of a worldly role is clever.

The new songs introduced are particularly appealing, and some grand Harlem talent practically steals the limelight.—Victory; showing.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

## ★ YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER

WARNERS present a strictly crazy and slapstick cross-section of a newspaper office, but it falls pretty flat as a result of the dull theme and uninspired dialogue. George Brent runs a story that puts his paper in an embarrassing spot, and as a result is assigned to the heart-throb column, and it's through this column that he finds the clue to the exploits of a gang of racketeers. Not surprisingly, Brent appears ill at ease in his stodgy role, and girl-friend Brenda Marshall does little to help things along, although she looks as pretty as a picture.—Civic; showing.

## ★ MAISIE GOES TO RENO

ANN SOTHERN'S effervescent personality and the warm humanity of that lovable character, Maisie, make this film mildly entertaining.

Unfortunately, the show has little else to offer, and although the supporting cast is an attractive one, the players appear ill-at-ease in their roles.

This time you will see Maisie as a war-worker who goes to Reno—of all places—for a rest. With her abounding sympathy and passion for working out other people's problems, the indefatigable Maisie has a veritable field-day in Reno.

John Hodiak, who has shown such promise as a romantic hero, gets a really bad break in this film. He appears as the card-dealer in a hotel, and tackles his role with sulky distaste.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



LEADING PERSONALITIES of Columbia's first Australian-made film, which is based on the life of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith. Ken Hall, director, and Nick Perry, producer, were the first to congratulate Muriel Steinbeck when she was selected for the role of Lady Kingsford Smith.

YOUNG Gloria De Haven gets a wonderful break in the new technicolor film "Colorado," in which she is co-starred with Van Johnson, latest hero of the bobby-sox brigade. Written by Louis Bromfield, the story deals with the early days in the Colorado River Valley.

DANCER June Preisler has made herself a cute hat from a coconut shell, which was sent to her from a soldier fan in the South Pacific.

AFTER fourteen years' absence from the screen, Cora Sue Collins, former child star, is making a comeback. Grown up and married, Cora has a role in "Week-end at the Waldorf," which stars Lana Turner.

COLUMBIA are planning a film based on the life story of Al Jolson. Twenty-six-year-old Larry Parks will play Jolson.

ACCORDING to Ray Milland, the role of the dipsomaniac in "Lost Week-end" was very strenuous work. "Both knees are skinned from my efforts to do drunken falls," he said. "My sides are black and blue from bumping into furniture, my elbow is sore from leaning on the bar, and I cut my fingers on a broken bottle. Believe me, there is nothing glamorous about the life of a film star these days." In this film Ray plays the role of a man whose life is ruined by excessive drinking.

THE first of March marks Clark Gable's return to the screen, when he starts work at MGM studio in "The Great Adventure," in which Gable plays a Marine.

REMEMBER "Stagecoach," that surprise hit film of 1939? Walter Wanger is planning a sequel which will be entitled "Canyon Passage."

## 2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

### SUNDAY

THE MACQUARIE PLAY:  
"The Man Upstairs"  
Mystery-thriller. Starring Owen Aklsey.  
Sunday, 8 p.m.

### MONDAY

"RYAN THEATRE"  
"Canteen Girl"  
Starring JOHN NUGENT-HAYWARD and LYNDALL HARBORNE.  
Monday, 9 p.m.

### TUESDAY

PLAY OF THE WEEK:  
"Pity The Poor Ghost"  
It isn't much fun being a ghost!  
Tuesday, 9.30 p.m.

### WEDNESDAY

"First Light Fraser"  
Super Adventure Serial. Action... suspense... danger.  
Mon. to Thurs., 7.15 p.m.

### THURSDAY

"Ernest and Margaret"  
A domestic session with a new twist.  
Mon. to Thurs., 1.30 p.m.

### FRIDAY

"Youth Speaks"  
Brilliant young orators discuss topics of the day.  
Friday, 7.30 p.m.

### SATURDAY

"Hill-Billy Round-Up"  
Hill-Billy Hank presents songs from them that hills.  
Saturday, 9.30 p.m.

## 2GB THE NATION'S STATION 2GB

Key Station of the Macquarie Network

"I WANT a word with you, Boldini," I said peremptorily.

He looked up in surprise, the big knife still in his hand, and I noted that Hennessy and Price were sitting in a corner talking to Polly Garner. Price said impatiently: "Oh, let it wait, Ford."

"Keep out of this, Price," I warned him, and turned again on the mountebank. "It can't wait, Mister Boldini," I said. "I want an explanation here and now."

"But, signor," Boldini expostulated, "We make the party."

"Of course it can wait," Price put in rudely. "Go on, man, cut the cake."

His tone irritated me to the point of fury.

"I warned you to stay out of this, Price," I said. "I can deal with you later."

"Why, you—?" Price began, rising quickly and coming toward me. Hennessy stepped between us.

Suddenly the Garner brat began to cry. "I don't like that man," she yelled, pointing a sticky finger at me. "Make him go away," Polly rose quickly to soothe her.

"You see," Price said, sardonically. "The lady does not desire your presence."

The youngster refused to be comforted and, taking their cue from her, the Barmby kids began to anivel also.

"Please, Ford," Hennessy urged. "You're spoiling everything. I wish you would go."

"He's a wicked man," the Garner child yelled.

"For heaven's sake keep your brat quiet," I cried, turning furiously on Polly. I saw her face flame but she said nothing to me. Instead she put her arm about the youngster.

"Hush, darling," she said. "You mustn't say such things."

"But he is, he is," the kid wailed. "He's a wicked man. He opens people's letters."

I was too stunned to speak. I suppose the youngster thought the silence her statement had produced presaged trouble for her. She turned and stared round her defiantly. "I don't care," she cried hysterically, "he does, he does. I saw him."

## Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 27

I don't know what was in my mind, but I made a rush at the brat. Hennessy grabbed me and held me in a grip of iron while Price knelt down by the now sobbing child.

"Never mind now, Peggy," he said. "You shall tell us about it later. Wait outside now with Auntie and Boldini will bring the cake."

Mrs. Marven lifted the dish from the table, and, gathering up the Barmby children, prepared to follow Polly Garner, who had led her youngster out, the brat glaring tearful defiance of me over her shoulder. "Come on, Mr. Boldini," Mrs. Marven called.

"Oh, no you don't," I said, breaking away from Hennessy. "Before you go, Boldini, I want you to confess that all that hanky-panky about Larry Ward was a fake—that you don't know anything at all about Larry Ward, dead or alive, and I insist that you come with me to Miss Mahoney at once and tell her so."

"But, Ford," Hennessy put in, "why all this about Larry? What has he to do with it?"

"He'll know when he reads that," I said, and pushed Eileen's letter into Boldini's hands. He took it with an air of surprise. "Go on," I urged him, sarcastically, "you can read it. It isn't in Italian."

He scanned the scribbled lines. He read slowly and at length turned the page.

"You may as well all know," I cried bitterly, "that because of this man's craving for filthy lucre he hasn't hesitated to ruin my life. What's a little misery more or less to a creature like him as long as he can make money? Yesterday I was to marry Eileen Mahoney. Today, because of this slimy swindler and his beastly seance he has broken her engagement with me. Why in heaven's name," I cried, addressing Boldini, "couldn't you leave Larry Ward out of your accursed swindles? Ward is drowned—dead."

Helen Speek uttered a little cry and covered her face with her hands. Hennessy turned on me.

"Stop it," he cried. "Ford, you're crazy."

I ignored him. "Well, master-mind?"

With a slow movement Boldini returned me my letter and motioned to Mrs. Marven, who was standing spellbound in the doorway, holding the cake, the children hanging to her skirts.

"Please, signora," he said weakly, "take the children. I come soon and cutta the cake." She turned and I was glad to see them out of the way. Boldini addressed me.

"I confess, signor," he said. "The seance was what you call heem—a fake."

I smiled triumphantly at the others.

"You see," I said, and then to Boldini, "and now you will come with me to Miss Mahoney and confess your fraud."

"I will come," he said, almost abjectly.

"You will tell her," I ordered, "that the whole affair was a mischievous fraud. You will tell her that Larry Ward was no more than a name to you—that you couldn't contact him by supernatural or any other means—that it was all a barefaced swindle—that you'd never even heard of him till you got here."

"No, signor."

"Oh, yes, you will," I shouted at him.

"Oh, no, signor," he said. "I will not. I could not say that because it would not be true. I had heard of Larry Ward."

"You'd heard he was drowned," I cried, "and so you engineered your beastly trick with the dripping mouth-organ, raking up something that had been decently forgotten."

"It was a trick," he admitted, "but I did not know then what I know now. You see, I had not only heard of Larry Ward before I came to this town. I had spoken to him, not in a seance, but in real life. Believe me, please, he is very much alive."

To be continued





## Movie World

● MERLE OBERON as she appears in the role of Madame George Sand in Columbia's technicolor film, "A Song to Remember." Mme Sand was a famous French author and playwright of the 19th century, whose fascinating charm inspired many of the

great artists of her day. Her celebrated amour with the composer Chopin (played by Cornel Wilde) is the theme of this film. Merle devotes a lot of her time to visiting hospitals, and recording poetry and biblical verse which she sends to soldiers overseas.





• Between scenes of Uniceran's new musical "Bowery to Broadway," youthful singing star Susanna Foster and comedian Jack Oakie rehearse their lines.



• Australian star Ann Richards is congratulated by producer Hal Wallis for her fine performance in "Love Letters." Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten are starred in the film, and Ann has an important role. This young star has now been offered the lead in a Broadway musical, "Star Spangled Widow."



• On the Paramount set of "A Medal for Benny," Dorothy Lamour shows fellow-actor J. Carroll Naish an interesting fan letter from a soldier in Italy.



• Gloria Swanson, former Hollywood glamor star, shares a table with her handsome son, Private Joseph Swanson. They were photographed at the Stork Club in New York, shortly before Gloria's marriage to William Dacey—her fifth husband.

## Did you know?

**D**URING the London blitz, Mrs. Taylor brought her small daughter Elizabeth to America, little thinking that by her twelfth birthday Elizabeth would be one of the top child actresses in Hollywood. Critics raved about her in "National Velvet," so MGM have given her the leading role in "Hold High the Torch."

★ ★ ★  
**A**S a result of his success in "Keys of the Kingdom" Gregory Peck is signed up to do twelve pictures for four companies. Gregory was discovered by Katharine Cornell's husband, Guthrie McClintic, when he was acting in a small stock company in Virginia.

★ ★ ★  
**A**CERTAIN dark Hollywood man influences the stars more than their mothers, and knows their personal problems and intrigues better than gossip hounds. His name is Carroll Righter, famous astrologer, whom Maria Montez, Marlene Dietrich, Zorina, and many others consult before making any decisions.



• Barbara Stanwyck and Dennis Morgan, stars of Warner's "Christmas in Connecticut," enjoy a cup of tea and a doughnut in Barbara's dressing-room, while waiting for their next scene.



# "Once upon a time..."

"Once upon a time the world was such an unhappy place. Aeroplanes dropped bombs from the skies and frightened little children hid in tunnels deep under the earth..."

**A**MAN of the future reads to the child of the future as they sit in the peaceful contentment of their home, when days of tragedy and bloodshed have become nightmare memories.

You can efface grim memories and bring this peaceful future closer by a sensible realisation of the problems that must be faced now. Perhaps you feel you haven't enough savings to make much difference to the outcome. But there are thousands like you—all with money lying idle. Your money can be used by Australia to finish the war sooner.

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★ The Third Victory Loan opens on March 13. Start saving now for YOUR Bonds. If you have cash saved, subscribe now in amounts of £10 and upwards. Full loan interest is paid on advance subscriptions from the day you lodge your money with any bank, savings bank or stockbroker. Then start saving more to buy more Victory Bonds by instalments when the Loan is open. Victory Bonds are issued in denominations of £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000.

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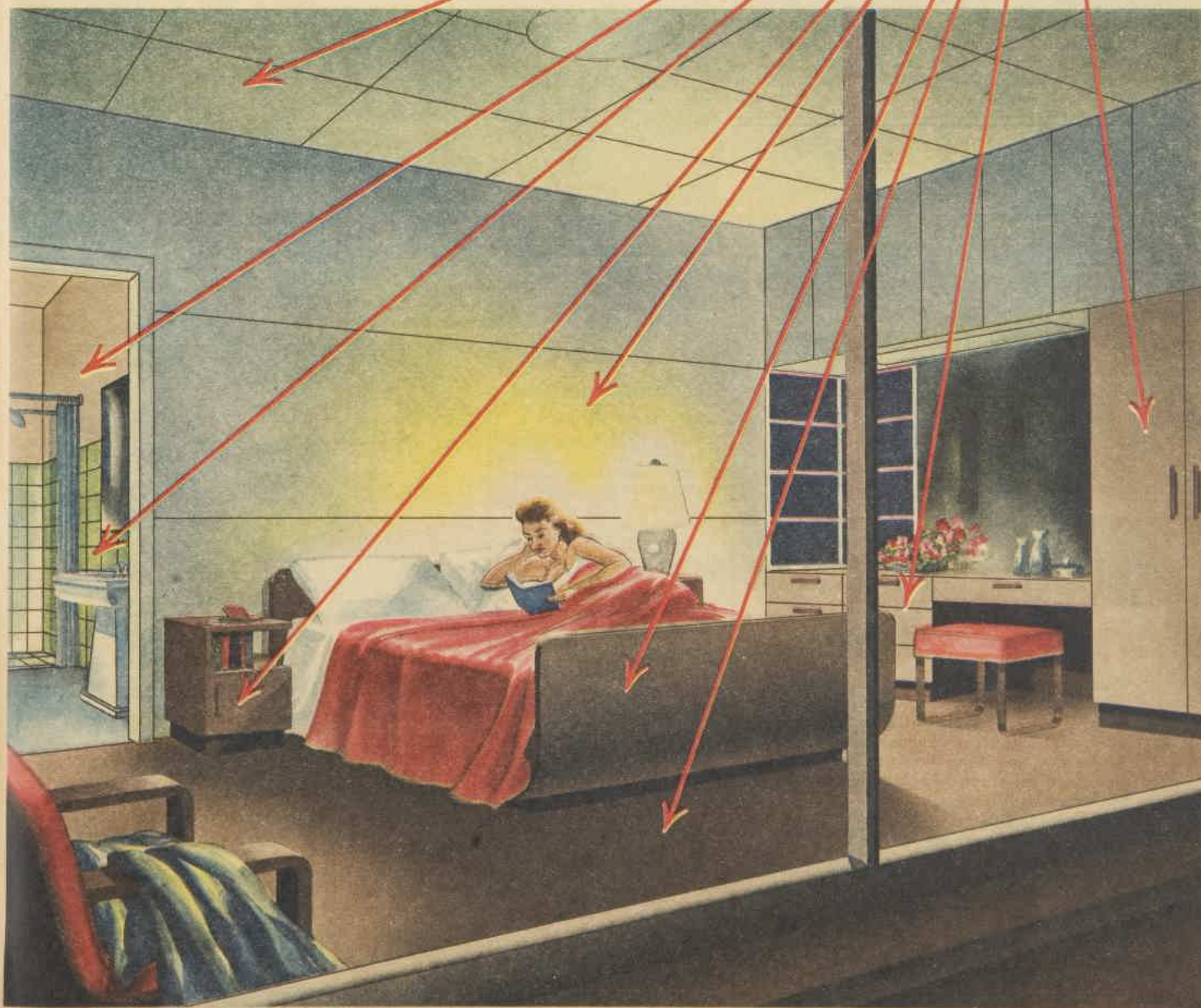
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**1 HOME** to tell his aunts (Jean Adair and Josephine Hull) of his marriage to Elaine, Mortimer (Cary Grant) is horrified to find a corpse in the window seat. The aunts proudly admit to murder, and imply this is not the first.



**2 THE AUNTS'** nephew, Teddy (John Alexander), also crazy, digs graves in cellar for the murdered men. He believes they are plague victims.



**3 ANOTHER NEPHEW**, Jonathan (Raymond Massey), criminally insane, escapes to his aunts' house with Einstein (Peter Lorre). They are interrupted by Elaine (Priscilla Lane).



**4 HAVING MURDERED A MAN**, Jonathan and Einstein are anxious to dispose of the body. They discover the other bodies in the cellar, and threaten to inform police of discovery if the aunts do not co-operate with them.



**5 FEARING EXPOSURE**, Jonathan attempts to murder Mortimer, but is interrupted by the local policeman, who thinks they are rehearsing a play.



**6 WHEN** inspector of police (James Gleason) calls at the house he recognises Jonathan as a wanted criminal, and arrests him, thus saving Mortimer from a gruesome death.



**7 MR. WITHERSPOON** (Edward Everett Horton), superintendent of insane asylum, comes to take Teddy away, and the aunts volunteer to accompany Teddy to the asylum, so Mortimer and Elaine are free to live in peace.

## Beauty Specialists Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.  
Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add a small box of Orlex Compound and a little perfume. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off."



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## Arsenic and Old Lace

**FRANK CAPRA**, veteran director of many of the screen's outstanding comedies, was both producer and director of Warners' "Arsenic and Old Lace."

Joseph Kesselring wrote the play as a straight melodrama, but Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse transformed it into an hilarious comedy hit which ran on Broadway for over four years.

The tale deals with the collective careers of the Brewster family of Brooklyn, said careers showing an amazing propensity for murder.

The sweet old Brewster sisters, Aunt Martha and Aunt Abby, cannot bear to see men grow old and lonely, especially when a friendly glass of wine, liberally spiked with arsenic, can so quickly render the old men impervious to loneliness or anything else.

Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, members of the original New York stage cast, again play the two pillared but lovable aunts, and John Alexander has his original role of nephew Teddy Brewster, who lives under the delusion that he is the late President "Teddy" Roosevelt. Nobody bothers to correct him, as it is quite convenient to use the Panama Canal "locks" he is forever digging as burial-ground for the aunts' growing list of corpses.

\*\*\*\*\*



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## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

### DUSTY THROATS

Summer dust storms are causing quite an epidemic of sore throats and upper chest irritation. This condition can be quickly relieved by taking ...

**Hearne's Bronchitis Cure**





# Two sensational new screen stars



Universal claim George Korvin their most important discovery in a long time. He stars in "Enter Arsene Lupin," with Ella Raines.



Toast to a new film career, George Korvin and his wife (actress Helena Fredericks) celebrate his success at the studio restaurant.



Newcomer Lauren Bacall makes her first screen appearance co-starring with Humphrey Bogart in Warners' drama, "To Have and Have Not."



Producer-director Howard Hawks first realised the screen possibilities of twenty-year-old Lauren Bacall, former fashion model. In her first film, critics raved over her sultry beauty and acting ability.

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Striking personality and a grim determination to succeed are the outstanding characteristics of Lauren Bacall and George Korvin, two exciting new screen discoveries who have both sky-rocketed to fame and stardom after making only one film each.

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For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

### PRODUCER - DIRECTOR

Howard Hawks, whom Hollywood calls "the star-maker," fixed his icy-blue eye on Lauren Bacall, and said: "You have what it takes if you are willing to work."

Tawny-blonde Lauren was willing. She spent every day at the studio being groomed for stardom, and each night she hiked up to the

Hollywood Hills and spent hours practising tone, pitch, and resonance.

Formerly a leading New York fashion model, Lauren had more than her share of sultry beauty, but Mr. Hawks pointed out that her voice was too high and shrill for the exotic roles which suited her personality.

Her efforts were well rewarded when Warners selected her for the feminine lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in "To Have and Have Not." Preview audiences acclaimed her "the hottest thing on the screen." "She positively sizzles," one enthusiast added.

Warners hastily capitalised on the phenomenal success of their protégée, and again cast her with Bogart in "The Big Sleep."

Lauren's smouldering blonde beauty, narrow blue-green eyes, and sultry voice strike a new note in feminine stars. Perhaps she is indicative of a trend toward complete femininity typifying 1945 screen beauty, which is a far cry from the fresh, outdoor look which marked the starlets of 1944.

### Sophisticated charm

THE exciting new male discovery, who will undoubtedly cause many a flutter among feminine fans, is Universal's suave, sophisticated George Korvin. He, too, has worked hard to acquire his current success.

Born in Czechoslovakia, George came to America every summer until war broke out. He hoped to build up an acting career, and wanted experience in acting while he was learning English.

"I spent every winter working hard and saving all my money so I would be able to spend the summer in American stock companies," he said. "Each year finances and immigration laws forced me to return to Europe, but I always managed to come back."

Finally this determined young man got a part in the stage show "Dark Eyes," where a Universal talent scout spotted him and immediately signed him up for the title role in the Arsene Lupin series.

George is medium height, has dark hair and blue eyes, and his enthusiastic backers claim he has the combined charm of Paul Henreid, Charles Boyer, and Ronald Colman.

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the lingerie of tomorrow with new standards of comfort, new loveliness of fabric

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for the day when wartime shortages and restrictions disappear and we can again produce your favourite undies with the

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FOR a very limited period only we are offering absolutely FREE this Book, entitled "How to Design, Cut, Alter and Make Smarter Clothes." This wonderful book will show you how others have learned to cut and make perfect-fitting garments for any figure; how to adapt all the very latest styles to suit your own individual requirements; how to buy better materials; and cut, fit, and finish your clothes just like a professional dressmaker would.

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## WHAT "SOCIALISATION OF AIRLINES" MEANS TO THE WOMEN OF AUSTRALIA

By foresight, efficiency and hard work, Australian Airline Operators enabled the Government to recoup ALL developmental subsidies paid out to the industry in the early pioneering days; and to make, in the last five years, a clear profit of £1,109,678. Airline Operators' contributions to Government revenue reduce YOUR tax burden.

At the outbreak of war, Airline Operators were of inestimable value to the Nation. They conveyed the first troop ships to leave this country . . . evacuated women and children cut off by the Japs in the Islands . . . transported Army personnel and supplies to battle stations . . . provided the staff to organise and assist in the training of R.A.A.F. personnel . . . overhauled instruments and maintained trainers, fighters and bombers for the R.A.A.F. and, at the same time, provided civil transport for urgent

mails and priority travel. They provide YOUR country with efficient air transport in times of war or peace.

Post-war plans for Civil Aviation by the Australian Airline Operators include a vast network of trunk and feeder routes embracing the entire continent and a daily air mail service to hundreds of small towns and villages. Airline Operators are organised for Australia's future progress — YOUR prosperity.

Socialisation of Airlines is the first blow to your freedom . . . your freedom to choose your own job . . . pick your own home . . . live your own life. Talk it over with your friends . . . start discussion groups . . . deal with it at your political meetings. Remember, the Government is trying to side-step, at your expense, YOUR verdict at the last Referendum.

Released by

THE AIRLINE OPERATORS' SECRETARIAT





**CONCENTRATE ON HAIRLINE** when massaging tonic into scalp or shampooing head. Zigzag movements, as shown above, stimulate the scalp.



**WAY OF THE BRUSH:** Start at nape of neck, and work round from ear to ear, using brisk, firm strokes as shown. Hold hair out of way with other hand.

## GIVE BABY A CHANCE!

• Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, gives valuable hints to nursing mothers.

THE fact that, for the young baby, "breast-fed is best-fed" has again and again been overwhelmingly proved.

Natural feeding can never be replaced by any other sort of feeding, but young nursing mothers need supervision and guidance in the early weeks to guard against overfeeding, underfeeding, and wrong technique in the management of breast-feeding.

A leaflet giving hints for successful natural feeding can be had from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with request.



MARGARET PATERSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Paterson, of Burwood, N.S.W., taken with her mother before the christening. Exquisite hand-worked robe and bonnet of Brussels lace was made by her grandmother, Mrs. F. E. Jones, of Bondi.

## Put life and glamor into your hair

• Here is the sure, safe, and easy way to lasting hair beauty. Try it out and you'll be amply rewarded by the results.

By MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



**NERVE - CENTRE MASSAGE:** Work gently and rhythmically in soothing circles from nape of neck up, as shown in this picture.

THIS hair beauty cocktail takes up just about fifteen minutes of your precious time.

Before your shampoo give your whole head a thorough good brushing. This coaxes the natural oils out to the very tips of the hair, and stimulates the scalp.

Be sure to use a clean brush,

and one with good strong bristles.

Begin the brushing at the nape of the neck, and work all round from ear to ear. Use brisk, firm strokes, and with the other hand keep the back hair up and out of the way.

Next brush the crown area by picking up one strand at a time with your brush, and turning the brush at the end of each stroke to give a light tug at the scalp. Finally brush up the sides and front all round from ear to ear.

Now—if you are having a shampoo—wet your head with water that is warm, not cold, and work your shampoo into the hair.

If you are not shampooing, get a good hair tonic to work into your hair and scalp.

Work the shampoo or tonic into the scalp with brisk movements, beginning by using a lot of pressure and ending with butterfly touch of the fingers.

Start with a zigzag rubbing with your finger-tips on the hairline from both sides round to the front, moving the fingers from hairline right up to crown and back with every rub. You must be specially careful to rub just there to loosen and remove make-up residue, cream, and dust.

Then without taking your fingers off the scalp, work round to the back, and rub up and down the back with the same sort of zigzag motion, beginning at the nape of the neck and gradually working out to behind the ears.

Now for the third stage of your hair cocktail. It is done while the shampoo (or tonic) is still on the hair, and the aim is to relax and rest both you and your scalp.

The first massage movement is to place first and middle finger each side of your ear, and then slowly massage up and down so that each finger traces an oval, one in front of the ear, one just behind it.

Use both hands to massage round both ears at the same time.

## COULD HARDLY WALK! Now Works, Scrubs and Polishes

### R.U.R. brings swift benefit to Victorian mother . . .

There are many people still who have not obtained the benefits which R.U.R. brings so swiftly. R.U.R. is famed for its five-fold action as a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrector.

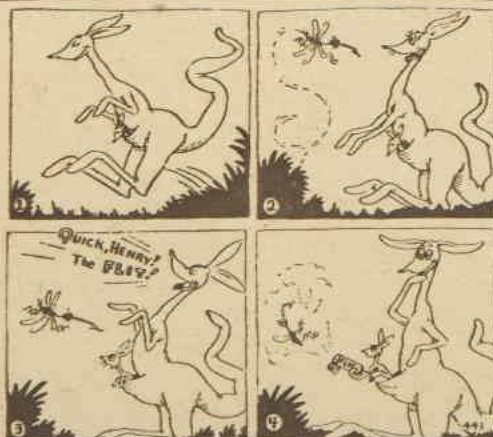
It creates energy, charm, personality, radiant living, and in cases of rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and the like it quickly gets them under control, stops the pain and makes life worthwhile again. Mrs. Lillian Anderson, of 31 Lansdowne Street, Pascoe Vale, proves this when she writes as follows:

"I have been that bad that I could hardly walk. I was in hospital, but it did no good. After I came home from the hospital I said to my children, 'I am going to give R.U.R. a go and see what it does to me.' So I started to take it and now here I am. I can go back to work, scrub and polish with the best of them. I walk a mile and a half twice a day and home again, and up till last September was looking after my sick husband. I don't mind if you put my letter through the paper, every word is true, thanks to R.U.R."



Take R.U.R. yourself when you are feeling run-down or suffering from joint or muscle pains. In no time you will feel better and the dreary outlook of a pain-filled life will have vanished. Take R.U.R. regularly for a while. Smaller size, 4/-; the money-back guaranteed full treatment, 7/6. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

### TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE



Ask for **FLIT** The World Famous Insect Destroyer  
LIMITED SUPPLIES AGAIN FOR CIVILIANS

### TREAT SUNBURN AS A BURN

Every surfer, every swimmer—every person who lives, works, or plays exposed to the sun, knows that he cannot give his best or enjoy himself to the utmost . . . and still escape SUNBURN.

None of us can afford to risk sunburn, which is so easy to catch during the summer months. The wisest people always have Flexibar on hand, and use it frequently because it helps soothe and cool the burn—it relieves the pain—and heals skin breakages. FLEXIBAR also helps to prevent sunburn. For skin injuries, cuts, bites, and scratches use soothing antiseptic FLEXIBAR—it's the new, reliable antiseptic healer.

**FLEXIBAR**  
OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally write to Flexibar Distributors, 275 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. For generous FREE SAMPLE, write to "Flexibar," 275 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

For *Style & Utility*

pure merino wool . . . . .

the quality never varies

**HANRO**  
Knitwear

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## A most unusual Munitions Factory

**J**UST imagine! Munitions you can eat and drink! Yet . . . that is just what this most unusual munitions factory produces. **MUNITIONS MADE FROM MILK AND OTHER VITAL INGREDIENTS:** The munitions of health!

The factory you see above is one of a chain of Nestlé's factories throughout Australia; a chain which links health, economic stability, employment and national welfare with vital food requirements for the fighting forces and for all on the home front.

To this and the other Nestlé's factories come millions upon millions of gallons of milk annually, the output of many hundreds of Australian dairy farmers . . . rich, pure milk from herds which are inspected regularly by Nestlé's veterinary experts . . . from farms where the

highest standards of hygiene are insisted upon.

To these factories, also, come huge quantities of Australian-grown sugar and barley, for the condensing and malting of the milk, cocoa beans for chocolate, and many other raw materials indispensable to essential food products. Many millions of tins, cartons and glass jars are required to protect freshness and purity . . . all made in Australia. Then the timber industry plays its part, providing cases to ensure safe transport. And so the work goes on, extending employment to industry after industry. It takes a mighty army of people to provide you with Nestlé's products . . . thousands of men and women to process, pack, label, despatch and transport; dieticians and laboratory technologists to supervise formulae . . . engineers, electricians, agricultural experts and a host of others all helping to

meet the urgent national need.

And even these resources have had to be expanded to meet the super-demands of war, again providing scope for Australian skill, workmanship, plant and equipment.

*To-day, Nestlé's is more than a great Australian industry. It has become a national institution, making a vital contribution to the health, welfare, employment and economic stability of the Australian people. That is why, in a very literal sense, the name NESTLÉ'S has become a household word throughout the country.*

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK, SUNSHINE FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK, IDEAL UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK, LACTOGEN AND VI-LACTOGEN INFANTS' FOOD, MALTED MILK, MILO FORTIFIED TONIC FOOD, CHOCOLATE, COCOA.

**NESTLÉ'S**





# Chunky Preserves

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly

Easy as pie to make, chunky preserves are grand hot, cold, in pastry cases, or as sauce for hot sweet.

## PINEAPPLE AND PASSIONFRUIT PRESERVE

One large pineapple, 3 dozen passionfruit, sugar, water.

Peel and cube pineapple, and place in pan with barely enough water to cover. Cook slowly until tender. Add passionfruit pulp and boil 10 minutes. Weigh, and add equal weight of sugar. Boil quickly until the syrup lightly jells when tested, about 30 minutes. Bottle and seal.

The peelings from the pineapple and passionfruit skins can be boiled with sugar and water for cool drink, or for jelling and serving as sweets.

## MELON AND PASSIONFRUIT CONSERVE

Six pounds melon, 1 dozen passionfruit, 5lb. sugar.

Peel melon, cut into cubes, and stand overnight with half the sugar. Bring to the boil, add passionfruit pulp and remainder of the sugar, and cook until clear and the syrup will jell when tested. Bottle and seal.

## FIG PRESERVE

Three pounds figs, 1lb. apples, water, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 3lb. sugar.

Wash figs and slice in halves or quarters, grate the apple. Add enough water to keep from catching, and cook until soft, and then add lemon

rind and juice and sugar, and cook fairly quickly until the mixture jells when tested, about 30 minutes. Bottle and seal.

## PEAR AND LEMON PRESERVE

Two pounds pears, 6 cloves, 2½ cups water, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 2lb. sugar.

Peel pears, but do not remove cores, although if woody tie loosely in muslin and cook with preserve, removing before bottling. Cube or slice pears, and cook with water and cloves until tender. Add lemon juice and rind (grated or in long curl to be removed before bottling), and sugar, and cook rapidly until the mixture jells lightly when tested on cold dish. Bottle and seal.

## PEACH AND PINEAPPLE PRESERVE

Three pounds peaches (large yellow ones best), 2 cups chopped pineapple, 2lb. sugar.

Dip peaches in boiling water to remove skin, then cut in fairly large pieces and remove stones. Place in pan, sprinkle with sugar and bring quickly to boil. Add pineapple and cook quickly until the liquid jells lightly when tested on cold dish, about 30 minutes for this quantity.

## BOTTLING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

... Check on these points

1. Cut time between garden and jar as short as possible for a better texture, color and flavor, and higher vitamin tally.

2. Fruit overripe, bruised or spotty, is seldom worth time or jar, as may not keep.

3. Vegetables and fruit must be as clean as a whistle. Use brush for roughness.

4. Jars must shine and sparkle. Keep scrupulously clean.

5. Be sure you know the right way to use your jar caps. Study manufacturer's directions. Some caps turn back a fraction before processing, some don't. Make certain about yours. Never use rubber rings a second time.

6. Use a salt rinse of 1 dessertspoon salt to 1 quart water for fruits that discolor easily.

7. To prevent shrinking during processing, fruit and vegetables may be pre-cooked before packing; this gives more servings per jar.

8. For hot pack, fruits are given a quick but thorough heating before packing. Using cold pack method, fruit is packed cold and jar filled with hot syrup.

9. Syrups: Use according to discretion and taste. Light syrup uses 1 cup sugar to 3 cups water. Medium syrup uses 1 cup sugar to 2 cups water.

Heavy syrup uses 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water.

Continued on  
page 38

**W**HOLE FRUIT, if small, or chunky pieces are preserved in heavy sugar syrup.

Hard fruits require softening in water before sugar is added; soft fruits are heated with little or no water before adding sugar.

About ½lb. sugar is added to each 1lb. fruit.

Cook, occasionally stirring gently, until the fruit is clear and tender, and the syrup lightly jells when tested in a cold dish.

To plump the preserve, stand in pan until cold, reheat to boiling point, and then bottle and seal.

Add lemon juice, about 1 tablespoon to 1lb. fruit, to such fruits as strawberries, melons, and pineapple.

## APRICOT PRESERVE

Three pounds apricots, 2½lb. sugar, grated rind of 1 orange.

Wash, halve and stone apricots. Crack about half a dozen stones, and add kernels to apricots. Add half sugar and about 1 cup water, and bring to boil. Add orange rind and remainder of sugar, and cook fairly quickly until the fruit is clear, and the syrup jells when tested. Bottle and seal.

TEMPTING and delicious—just you try it. Freshly made nutbread with apricot halves preserved in orange-flavored syrup, or luscious, syrupy figs, or lemony melon chunks with passionfruit. Preserves shown at top; recipes on this page.





## Kathleen Court CANTON LIPSTICK

now available

For tips of indelible lipstick-like lipstick, Kathleen Court's Canton Lipstick is a shade of Tint, Red, Latex, and Purple.

Also Kathleen Court's '17 Rouge

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Kathleen Court's Supreme Aid to Beauty write: Miss Court personally—20 Chancery Street, Sydney.



**OPEN-FACED SANDWICHES** are a Swedish idea—slices, triangles, or rounds of bread are topped with delicious fill-bits. Right: Everyone loves pie—if it's good. For crisp pastry, oven must be hot, pastry short and well-glazed. Do not overcook.



LAST NIGHT  
I WAS OUT  
OF SORTS



**TO-DAY  
I FEEL FINE!**

Beecham's Pills are the ideal remedy for a disordered stomach or liverishness, the sure preventive of constipation and all its kindred ills, the happy solution to the problem of sound and regular healthy sleep.

Purely vegetable

**Beecham's Pills**  
1/- and 2/- per box  
Worth a Guinea a Box

## Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

IF you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing, and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

**Doan's Ointment**

## Brighten menus with these dishes

● The home-tested recipes on this page are prize winners in our weekly recipe contest. You'll like them all. If you have a new recipe or have improved upon an old one send it in—it may win you a cash prize.

**RECIPE** for Hawaiian shortbread, which wins the main prize of £1, is delicious. Try serving it as a sweet topped with ice-cream; it will be memorable!

Savory kidney steak could be done with round steak instead of topside steak, but it would be necessary to allow a longer time for the meat to become tender, say, 2 to 2½ hours.

**HAWAIIAN SHORTBREAD**  
Half pound flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream margarine or butter with the sugar, add vanilla, beaten egg, and milk. Add sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, mixing to a stiff dough. Chill well and divide into two. Turn on to a lightly floured board, shape into two rounds, and roll out thin.

**Filling:** Half a cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 ripe bananas, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice.

Place sugar and pineapple in a saucepan, add cornflour blended with a little of the pineapple juice, and stir over a low heat until thick. Remove from fire and when cool add mashed bananas and lemon juice. Leave until cold, then spread one half of the shortbread mixture with the filling. Cover with the other portion, moisten the edges and press together. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. When cold, cut into squares.

**First Prize of £1 to Miss F. Monaghan, "Drumane," Coolamon, N.S.W.**

**SAVORY KIDNEY STEAK**  
Take 1½lb. topside steak (cut thinly), a little vinegar, flour, pepper and salt, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped kidney, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon herbs, salt and pepper, little milk.

**MAKE THEM SMALL** or large. Another collection of open-faced sandwiches... A craze nowadays.

Divide steak into four pieces, smear with vinegar, and place on a floured board. Mix breadcrumbs with finely chopped kidney, minced onion, herbs, salt and pepper. Bind with a little milk. Place portion of filling on each piece of steak, roll up firmly, and skewer. Place in a casserole with 1 dessertspoon fat, ½ cup water, salt and pepper. Cook in a moderate oven 1 hour. Place 1 to 1½lb. of shelled peas round the meat and return to oven until peas are cooked. Serve with jacket potatoes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Low, 8 Barclay St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

### STUFFED BEETROOT

Six medium-sized beetroot, 2 slices ham, 1 cup cooked green peas, a little butter, sugar, lemon juice, and a quantity of mashed potato.

Boil the beetroot until tender, remove skin. Cut a slice off one end and scoop out the centre of each beet. Place a level teaspoon of sugar and a little lemon juice in each beetroot case and stand 1 hour. Chop ham finely, add peas, a little lemon juice and sugar. Fill into beetroot cases and add a dab of butter. Place in a covered casserole and reheat. Serve in a nest of mashed potato and garnish with chopped beetroot centres and finely minced onion.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.**

## CHUNKY PRESERVES

Continued from page 37

10. Brine for Vegetables: Use 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart water.

11. Ease out all the air and let the liquid flow in by bumping gently or easing down side of fruit with knife.

12. Peas, beans, and corn must not be crowded in jar. They need room to expand as they heat.

13. When recipes call for filling jar with water or syrup, fill only to within 1in. of top of jar when using water, or 1½in. when using syrup. Or syrup to 1in. from top when fruit packed hot.

14. The pressure cooker is the safest method of processing for vegetables (except tomatoes), meats.

15. The hot-water bath can be recommended for fruits and tomatoes. Mount jars on a rack off bottom, jars 1in. apart with water coming an inch over top. Water must boil steadily. Add more boiling water as required.

16. Time process when the water

begins to boil for open-pan method—when the pressure gauge registers correct poundage for pressure cooker. Time carefully.

17. Carefully lift jars on to folded cloth away from draught, spacing jars. Complete seals by tightening if necessary. Test seals by turning upside down and recap and reprocess if leaking. Store in cool spot.

**WATER-BATH TIMETABLES**  
**Berries:** Wash, stem, pack with boiling medium syrup; process 20 minutes.

**Figs:** Rinse in soda bath (1 teaspoon to 1 quart water), pre-cook 5 minutes in medium or heavy syrup; process 30 minutes.

**Peaches:** Scald, cold dip, remove skin, rinse in brine, pack hot in medium syrup; process 25 minutes.

**Plums:** Prick skins, pre-cook 2 minutes, pack hot; process 15 minutes.

**Pears:** Pare, halve, core, pre-cook in medium syrup 5 minutes, pack hot; process 20 minutes.

**Tomatoes:** Scald, skin, pack in brine; process 35 minutes.

## PICTURE STORY

### No Sleep



### No Energy



### No Good

This can't go on! To-night, you must sleep. Drink a cup of hot Horlicks last thing before bed. You'll sleep... deep, sound sleep. The sleep you need so much.

And, while you sleep, the valuable food elements in Horlicks... the protein, calcium, carbohydrates and mineral salts... will be helping you to wake refreshed, full of energy.

No trouble to prepare Horlicks. Simply add hot water and mix well. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, 3/6. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

**Get HORLICKS to-day  
and SLEEP to-night**

*They should call*  
**HANSEN'S**  
*"Never fail!"*

When you are careful to use only Hansen's British Junket Tablets, there is no failure—no disappointment—no waste.

Summer in summer than any other, use Hansen's Tablets makes TWO full plates of quick setting, firm, delicious junket.

And, Hansen's strength in summer means more in food value, flavour and economy. Your family will love it. Be sure to order HANSEN'S.

**HANSEN'S  
Junket  
TABLETS**

Enchanting Eyes...  
Alluring Lips...  
...and Beautiful Hair

Make sure it's your "crowning glory" by using one of NAPRO'S 21 Hair Dye shades. NAPRO develops permanent colour inside the hair. Ask for NAPRO Hair Dye at hairdressers, chemists and stores.

**napro hair dye**

**Your Dog**

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powders.

Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powders and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

**BARKO**  
Condition Powders  
and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.



# When the thermometer says MAKE A SALAD

## MAKE AN OSLO SALAD



### Listen to these Kraft features

#### "FOREVER YOUNG"

every Mon., Tues. and Wed.

Q'LAND. 48K-AK-IP at 6.30 p.m.; 4RO at 6.30 p.m.; 4TO at 9.45 a.m.

N.S.W. 2CH at 7.45 p.m. (and each Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 11 a.m.); 2GZ, 2KA, 2WL at 6.15 p.m.; 2KO at 6.15 p.m.

VIC. 3DB-LK at 6.15 p.m.; 3BO at 7.15 p.m.

S.A. 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 7.00 p.m.

W.A. 6IX-WB-MD at 6.15 p.m.

TAS. 7HT, 6.15 p.m.; 7EX, 6.30 p.m.

#### "KRAFT MELODIES and MEMORIES"

every Saturday.

Q'LAND. 4BH at 7.30 p.m.; 4BU at 8.30 p.m.

N.S.W. 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2NZ at 8 p.m.

VIC. 3AW, 3CV, 3HA, 3SH, 3TR at 8 p.m.

S.A. 5DN-RM at 8 p.m.

W.A. 6PR-TZ at 8 p.m.

TAS. 7LA, 8 p.m.; 7HO, 7.30 p.m.

Make the OSLO SALAD — while the sun shines! There it is — just take the regular OSLO LUNCH ingredients and turn them into a delicious salad. Everything you need is right there in the famous OSLO LUNCH. One ounce of Kraft Cheddar, orange, apple and salad ingredients. All the summer sunshine vitamins — and when you drink that glass of milk, and eat those three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, you'll be getting the right amount of the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus your body needs!

The salad above features celery, tomatoes and lettuce, but you can have shredded raw carrot or shredded raw cabbage if you prefer them. Just increase the quantities according to the number of persons you wish to serve.



*3 ways to stretch your Butter Ration*

#### Cheese Spread

4 oz. shredded Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste. Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick.

Put these cheese spreads in a screw-top jar, and they will keep for four or five days — longer in a refrigerator.

#### Cheese and Bonox Spread

4 oz. shredded Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste; 2 teaspoons Bonox.

Stir shredded cheese and milk briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick. Then stir in Bonox.

#### Cheese and Worcestershire Sauce Spread

4 oz. shredded Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper to taste; 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce.

Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick, then stir in Worcestershire Sauce.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS ISSUED BY THE NUTRITION DEPT. KRAFT CHEESE CO.



# QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

## MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR

## Keep cool and healthy in hottest weather

By MEDICO

"I NEVER seem to have any energy these hot days," complained Nancy Rutter. "I just drag myself round. What can I do about it?"

"You remind me," I replied, "of the celebrated remark of Mark Twain, who said that everyone complained about the weather, but nobody did anything about it."

"It's easy to blame the climate for our troubles, but it's not so easy to blame a wrong technique of living."

"What changes should we make?" asked Nancy.

"The most important change is to give our radiators a chance."

"But I haven't a radiator. How do you mean, doctor?"

"Your whole skin surface is a radiator. It's much more efficient than the radiator of a car because it works on the principle of the bush water-bag. When water evaporates, heat is required, and the heat is taken from the surface where the evaporation takes place. Air movement increases the rate of evaporation. That's why the water-bag is hung in the breeze."

"The more skin surface we can expose to air movement the more efficiently can the body's radiator do its work."

"Backless frocks and bare legs in the summer have the full blessing of medical science. You women are more advanced in that way than are men."

"False ideas of dignity keep men from wearing the shorts and shirts which assist evaporation by exposing skin surface."

"I wish I could get more fresh air in my bedroom; I seem to toss and turn all night."

"It's moving air, rather than fresh air, that is needed. An electric fan in the bedroom can do wonders in encouraging sleep. The danger of sleeping in a draught has been much overrated."

"Fans, of course, are few and far

RIGHT: In her short, low-cut, short-sleeved frock and bare legs, Lucille Fairbanks (Warners) is ideally dressed for hot sultry weather.

between, but you can get the same effect by having a cold shower before you go to bed. Flap yourself dry with a towel instead of rubbing. This will cool you down and help you to be comfortable enough to sleep. A full eight hours' sleep is essential to hot-weather health."

"I try to cool myself down with cold drinks." "Cold drinks have little value in cooling the body."

"But surely we need more to drink in summer?"

"We certainly do, but it's water we need. Whether it's cold or flavored is a very minor matter. Surprisingly large quantities are lost in perspiration even though the skin is only moist. It was found that troops, when they first arrived in dry, tropical areas, and had not developed the right water and salt habits, suffered from colic, due to concentration of the urine, as well as muscle cramps, from lack of salt."

"Why is more salt necessary in summer?"

"Because salt is lost in the per-

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Powder

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Its lovely quality has never been altered. It is still the most delicate and soft powder obtainable anywhere. The quality of Melo-dee all-purpose Cream, too, is still maintained.



spiration. It's always safer to take too much salt than too little. The body can always get rid of the surplus, but it cannot make up for a shortage."

"What should I eat in the hot weather, doctor?"

"More wheatmeal and oatmeal (if you can get it), milk, cheese, salads and fruit. Less sugar, jam, white bread, biscuits, cocoa, honey, and butter. Three glasses of water half an hour before each meal is a good rule. A pinch of salt stirred into each glass makes the water more refreshing."

## THE SCIENCE OF LIFE BOOKS

This unique series of little books is the first systematic attempt to put before the people of Australia, in simple terms, the amazing developments in the new science of preventive medicine that is sweeping America and Britain.

This new science puts its emphasis, first, upon understanding the causes of human ailments, and the principles necessary to avoid them.

Secondly, it shows how a better standard of good health may be achieved by the new science of nutrition, thus arming one with a natural resistance to infection and disease.

The general experience is that ill-health quickly retreats before this new attack and an abiding sense of good health and well-being take its place. No drugs, no medicines, just Nature's own principles.

The following are some of the Science of Life Booklets which deal with these new principles of health (2/- each or 2/11s posted).

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2. Eat and Be Well! (Outlining the new science of nutrition.)
3. Vitamins Work Wonders! (This booklet tells all that you should know about vitamins.)
4. Physiology Without Tears. (Tells in simple terms how every organ functions, and what is required to keep it working efficiently. Also outlines the main principles for the treatment of common ailments in general.)
5. Constipation—Cause and Cure.
6. Gastric Ulcers, Colitis, Indigestion, etc.—What Scientific Diet Can Do.
7. Rheumatism—Modern Medical Science's Approach to an Old Problem.
8. Kidney Disease—The Successful New Treatment by Diet.
9. Catarrh—Modern Dietetic Treatment in the Answer.
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You can snap your fingers at war strain, business worry or family cares, and regain your normal sparkle and energy quickly and easily. There's a remedy for this depressed, worn-out feeling. WINCARNIS, the delicious tonic wine that has brought back health to thousands of people and received over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. WINCARNIS is rich in fortifying vitamins blended with strengthening wine. The very first sip shoots vigour into your nerves and brain—and puts you on your toes right away. WINCARNIS stimulates and strengthens your whole body and builds up your exhausted system. Give yourself a chance—reach out and open a new and brighter chapter in your life—ask your chemist for WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic."

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MINERAL SPRING SALTS

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Do you see any signs of approaching baldness? Is your hair falling out, losing its natural colour, excessively oily or dry? Is your scalp itchy and sometimes tender to the touch? Has your hair-line moved back? Is dandruff worrying you? If you are forced to answer yes to any of these questions you should read my book on the care of the hair NOW!

A REMARKABLE free BOOK bringing you vital and little-known facts concerning your hair and the care you must take of it, what causes hair to fall out, danger signs to watch, how to combat dandruff. EARLY ACTION VITAL. Delay in combating early symptoms may lead to untold trouble and expense.

HAIR GROWTH CAN BE PROMOTED. Let me say this to those who have given up hope, baldness can, in many cases, be prevented. I am no worker of miracles, but providing the Papillae are not dead or the nerve centres of the scalp destroyed I can and will help you. First thing to do is send for my FREE book. Let me explain to you my famous MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

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Cracks between the toes  
warn you of dangerous

**SURFER'S  
FOOT**

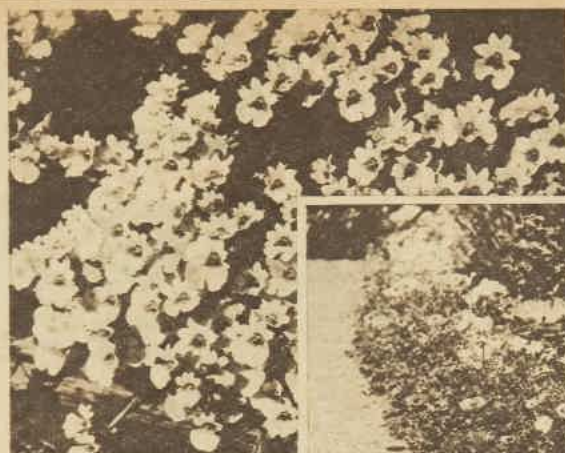
The first warning that you are infected with painful Surfer's Foot will be an itch and cracks in skin between the toes. This is the time when you should fight the infection with Iodex, which destroys the fungus and heals damaged skin tissues. Iodex is strongly antiseptic but does not blister tender skin. Iodex smeared between your toes is an excellent precautionary measure.

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LOOK  
BETWEEN  
YOUR TOES  
TONIGHT



**NEMESIA STRUMOSA GRAN-  
DIFLORA** blooms for months;  
ideal border or edging plant.

● Use these dazzling beauties to brighten window-boxes as well as beds and borders... says **Our Home Gardener**

**RANUNCULI** (commonly called buttercups) can be raised either from claws set out from now until April, or from seed sown when the weather begins to cool—say March to April. Seed sown outdoors earlier rarely germinates until cooler conditions set in.

The claws of the ranunculus are really a lot of little tubers set closely together. They can be divided with ease after soaking, and each little set of tubers will produce a new flowering plant when set out in good soil in a sunny position.



**BEAUTIFUL** camellia-flowered ranunculi flourish in good soil.

The best varieties are turban or Asiatic, and the beautiful fluffy camellia-flowered types. But even the singles, with their jet-black centres and highly colored petals, are not to be scoffed at, and the inclusion of singles is always advisable, for they set seed which will produce good hybrids the following year.

When sowing the claws of the ranunculus, set them with the points of the claws or tiny tubers downwards, and the rough scar or flowering point upwards. See that the ground is well drained, for they abominate wet feet.

Nemesias are dwarf spring-flowering plants that produce big

### Garden companions **Ranunculi and sweet Nemesia**

heads of pouch-shaped flowers in profusion. The color range is amazing. Seed sown in early autumn produces small, rather brittle plants which must be handled very carefully. They stool out and become very bushy later in the season.

Any good garden soil suits the nemesia. The best varieties are strumosa grandiflora (15 to 16 inches tall) and nana compacta, a dwarf bedding type. Latter is more fitted for massing, edging, or window-boxes.



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Large, generous size Tube, 1/5

### MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:



LIKE the shady hat the girl is wearing? Made from brown paper, it's light as a feather, and costs nothing. Crown comprises five sections; brim is also cut from several thicknesses of paper and stitched all round. Gay scraps of gingham bind it and line crown. Don't wear it in the rain, dears, or else!



**TACKLE** cocoa stains on linen promptly... Fill a saucer with cold water, and add a little powdered borax. Soak marked material in this awhile, then rub with solution. Finally stretch affected part over basin and pour over boiling water.

**ONE** of my enthusiastic readers from a pretty-sounding place called Green Gully wrote me the other day. She spilt ink on a lovely new housecoat, but removed it this way: Saturate ink-spot with peroxide, then hold material stretched right over a small cup in which a small quantity—about a tablespoonful—of strong ammonia has been placed. Ammonia fumes pass through peroxidized ink-stain, and bleach in a few moments. This does not affect fast dyes.

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Without Cabonol—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3



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SUIT BUT I'LL HAVE  
TO SPEND MY  
COUPONS ON  
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SOME TIME LATER

THESE TOWELS ARE  
LASTING MUCH LONGER  
THAN ANY I'VE  
EVER HAD, THANKS  
TO VELVET SOAP.  
IT CERTAINLY  
SAVES LINENS!



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NOW I PUT INTO MY VICTORY GARDEN THE HOURS I USED TO WASTE SCRUBBING CLOTHES. RINSO'S A WONDERFUL TIME-SAVER.

AND THANKS TO THOSE RICHER, THICKER RINSO SUDS CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER THAN WITH OLD-FASHIONED SCRUB SOAPS

YES, RINSO KEEPS WHITES SNOWY AS CAN BE...PRINTS AND RAYONS PRETTY AS FLOWERS. IT'S THE MODERN WAY TO WASH

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Rinso has what it takes for a dazzling wash — THICKER, RICHER SUDS! Hard-working suds that send dirt about its business—fast! No hard scrubbing with Rinso... and yet whites are shades whiter, silks and woollens fresh as new. Don't slave with old-time bar soaps. Wash the modern way—with Rinso!

**Rinso**  
GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

A LEVER PRODUCT.

Z.157.1

Lily wilted in that hot-house **HEAT** then...



Every time you perspire from the heat, it's a danger signal. "B.O." will follow if you aren't careful. Don't let "B.O." come between you and your sweetheart, your friends. Use Lifebuoy with its famous health ingredient every morning to give you day-long protection against "B.O." What cool relief! Lifebuoy's lather is so refreshing, it's like a new lease of life on hot, sticky days. Yes—the hotter the weather, the more you need Lifebuoy.



SOME TIME LATER



HEY, LILY, YOU CAN'T GO YET. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ALL EVENING

THINKS: IT'S SO NICE TO BE POPULAR AND SURE OF MYSELF NOW I BEAT THE HEAT WITH REFRESHING LIFEBOUY

W.109.1



# Enter Baby Brown

Continued from page 7



Only a grazed knee . . .  
but it can be serious!

Quite a common little mishap . . . a grazed knee, but be sure you don't court future trouble by neglecting it. First cleanse thoroughly, by scrubbing if necessary, and then apply Germolene either direct or on clean lint. Germolene gets to work at once. It soothes away pain . . . heals in record time. Make Germolene your family ointment, because it has proved itself not only in the treatment of minor mishaps, but in more serious cases of skin trouble, such as eczema, abscesses . . . also insect bites, sunburn and heat rash. Always keep a jar handy.

In glass jars 1/6.  
At all Chemists and Stores.

**Germolene**  
SKIN OINTMENT  
HEALS IN RECORD TIME

**KILL FLIES,  
MOSQUITOES  
quickly..**  
WITH  
**FLY-TOX**

Now You Can Wear  
**FALSETEETH**

With Real Comfort

**FASTEETH**, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

**WOMEN**

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those vile periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.  
Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

**MIDENE**

We'll dry those  
tears!



As soon as Nippon has been backnumbered, Tasma will set out on a tear-drying campaign. There are thousands of women in this country crying aloud for refrigerators, washing machines, modern radios and whatnot. We're going to provide them. In moments snatched from a pressing war job we're laying our plans. It won't be long now!

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THE fact that there wouldn't be any students—mere silly boys full of dirty jokes—seeing her had been quite a point with Midge. Then I looked again and I saw airforce blue and khaki trousers showing beneath the coats, and the nurse with the dimple, who hadn't forgotten me and treated me with kindly consideration, like a little boy she'd known for ages, said, "And here's one for you, Mr. Brown. Sterilised, you see. Your dirty clothes—full of germs."

So we were the husbands—and a fine, sheepish lot, feeling fools in our white coats, with our hands and feet seeming much bigger than usual. Those who had been before tried to behave as if they were at ease, but they weren't really. We were all shy and awkward in that woman's world.

An airman looked at his watch. "Just on seven," he said to me. "Hope they don't hold us up. Every second's precious. This hour goes in half a tick. I thought time went haywire in a dog-fight, but it's nothing compared to this hour twice a week. Your first time, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "You wait and see," he whispered. "You'll find—" He would have gone on, but at that moment the nurse said, "Come along, please!" and he forgot I was on the face of the earth.

I should have been thinking of Midge and the baby, but instead I stood in that warm, solid kingdom of the mothers, and I thought of that smooth-faced son of somebody's in a dog-fight miles up in the aching blue. He looked as if in other days he might have sold me a tie. To think of him up there, death at his finger's tip, death at his shoulder, with the awful void beneath. And how he must have worried about his girl-wife in here having her baby. And how she must have felt. It had been bad enough for us—but for them . . . There are points about being too old.

Then the nurse was back, and then I was in the little bright room with Midge, and her arms, which looked thinner somehow, were open.

"Your letters and the flowers were lovely," she said. "How are you, darling? Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said. "Never better." But why were we talking about me? "Just by the way, how do you chance to be?"

"Oh, fine too," said Midge, "but just a bit tired and achy."

We talked then. I'd have liked to smoke, but the place was so shining, so spotless, that I knew without any notices on the walls that I mustn't.

Men are clumsy, you know. I said—meaning, of course, that I was only so glad it was all over and Midge hadn't died or anything—that I was glad it had gone off so easily and well. Silly of me. The pain was too close.

Midge didn't feel it had been quite such fun, she told me. And it wasn't like in the books. When they put her baby in her arms Midge didn't forget the pain, though she's not one to kick at things. I know.

And all the time, though I was just as touched as could be, and sorry and tender, being a man, at the back of my mind was the thought that after all it was quite a normal birth and things might have been so much worse.

Of course I'd asked about the baby called Susan, but now I said, "And she's really all right?"

"Grand!" said Midge. "Such a poor, funny, ugly little baby—so helpless—so little."

She spoke with infinite tenderness, but I knew deep down that this baby wasn't real to her yet any more than it was to me.

"I think I must be a funny mother," she said, thoughtfully. "If you are—I'm a funny father," I told her.

We let it go at that, understanding one another perfectly.

After I'd been there about five minutes the nurse with the dimple she didn't know about put her head round the door and said: "Now then, Mr. Brown, time's up and passed. Come along, please, and see your baby."

TACTFULLY she went out again, but you could feel her waiting outside the door, inexorable, like a policeman.

I couldn't believe it, but my watch showed five past eight. How right the pilot had been!

"I'd better go," I said guiltily. "She's waiting."

"Yes," said Midge, looking tired. "Till Sunday. Everything's fine. We've got Susan. She's such a little dear thing. Don't be disappointed, dear. She's still so new. You've never seen a young baby. She's our Susan."

She was talking to herself, too.

"I know," I said. "Till Sunday." The nurse said: "This way, Mr. Brown," and led me along the hall.

Down at the door the husbands were getting out of their white coats, and muttering together, shyly.

The nurse took me down a side passage. There was a half door, with glass in the top half. There were rows of tiny cots in a big white room.

"Baby Brown, please," she said to the nurse inside, who had blue Irish eyes above her yashmak of mask.

The blue-eyed nurse went to one of the cots. I stood looking at all those little cots, and remembering the warnings of my old mother, who'd been all against the baby factory and had warned us to get a bracelet made with the child's name on it and insist on it being placed on its wrist at birth.

"Otherwise," wrote fond mamma, vigorous as ever for all her seventy summers, "those wretched nurses in that horrid place will take a delight in giving you the wrong baby and consider it a most terrific joke. I know the kind of thing that goes on in those public institutions. Slovenly incompetents, doing as little as possible for the good money we pay them. Be sure you do this, dear."

I hadn't. I knew the baby factory. So did Midge. I didn't think these two girls, for instance, would think it much of a joke to give a man the wrong baby.

I knew, of course, all the conventional things I should have been thinking. Flesh of my flesh, etc., etc. I wasn't thinking anything at all. I just stood there in the warm passage, waiting.

And then Blue Eyes was back behind the glass holding up our baby. Don't ask me how, but I knew it was our baby.

Not that there seemed much to be proud of in that.

So this was Susan, this absurd little fragment, wrinkled, puckered, and creased, a little living mummy. "My hat!" I gasped, and laughed aloud.

The two nurses, who had been all smiles and cooing pride as if it were their baby, looked at me in horror.

You'd have thought I'd turned into a cobra.

"Why, she's a lovely little baby," they chorused, each putting in a bit with fine indignation. "She may be a bit small—she only weighed six pounds eleven ounces, but that's quite good for a little girl—and anyway small babies usually thrive better—why, she's just perfect, aren't you, baby? There! There!"

And then, all at once, the dread that had been with me all the past nine months and longer swept over me again.

"Tell me truthfully—I can take it—I said, 'Is she really all right? I mean has she all her fingers and toes and legs and things? There's nothing wrong with her, is there?'"

That made them burst out laughing at the ridiculous male creature.

"Why," they cried, "she's perfect, aren't you, Susan?—a perfect little baby."

But when I got back to work, and the whole room asked, "What's Susan like?" I paused a moment and answered truthfully, "Hideous!"

Most of the censors are grandfathers, though we all seem much of an age. They knew how I was feeling. We had a happy laugh about Susan and her father who thought she was hideous . . .

"Well," I said to A.P.C. Brown, "you've got your wish and you've got your baby, and now it's all over."

He shook his head gravely. "Oh, no," he said, "not all over. A year or so ago we looked after a flying man's little girl whilst the mother had another baby. Maureen was very good. Just like a pretty toy. We were quite sorry when she went. But she was only lent, as it were. Not a permanent fixture. Susan stays in our life for keeps. Not all over. Only just beginning."

He looked into the future, beginning to realise Susan at last. I had to smile at him. New babies may be funny, but new fathers are quaint, too, particularly if they happen to be simple clucks like A.P.C. Brown, for instance.

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● Another fascinating story in this series by celebrated Australian author Dale Collins will appear shortly.



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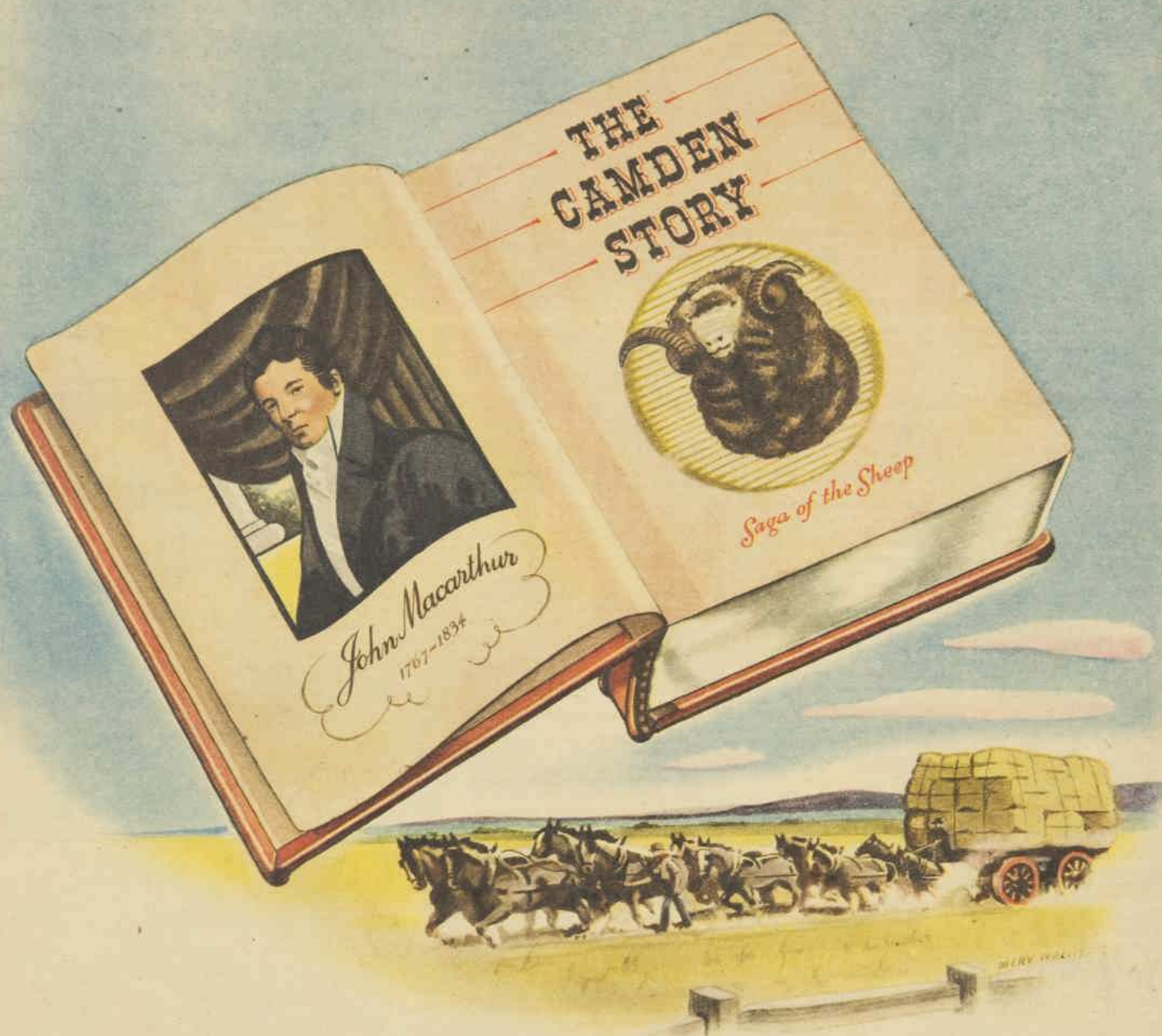
Called Chiffon because it mists your complexion with petal-smooth beauty. Called Chiffon because never before has a face powder been made to cling so closely or so delicately.

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